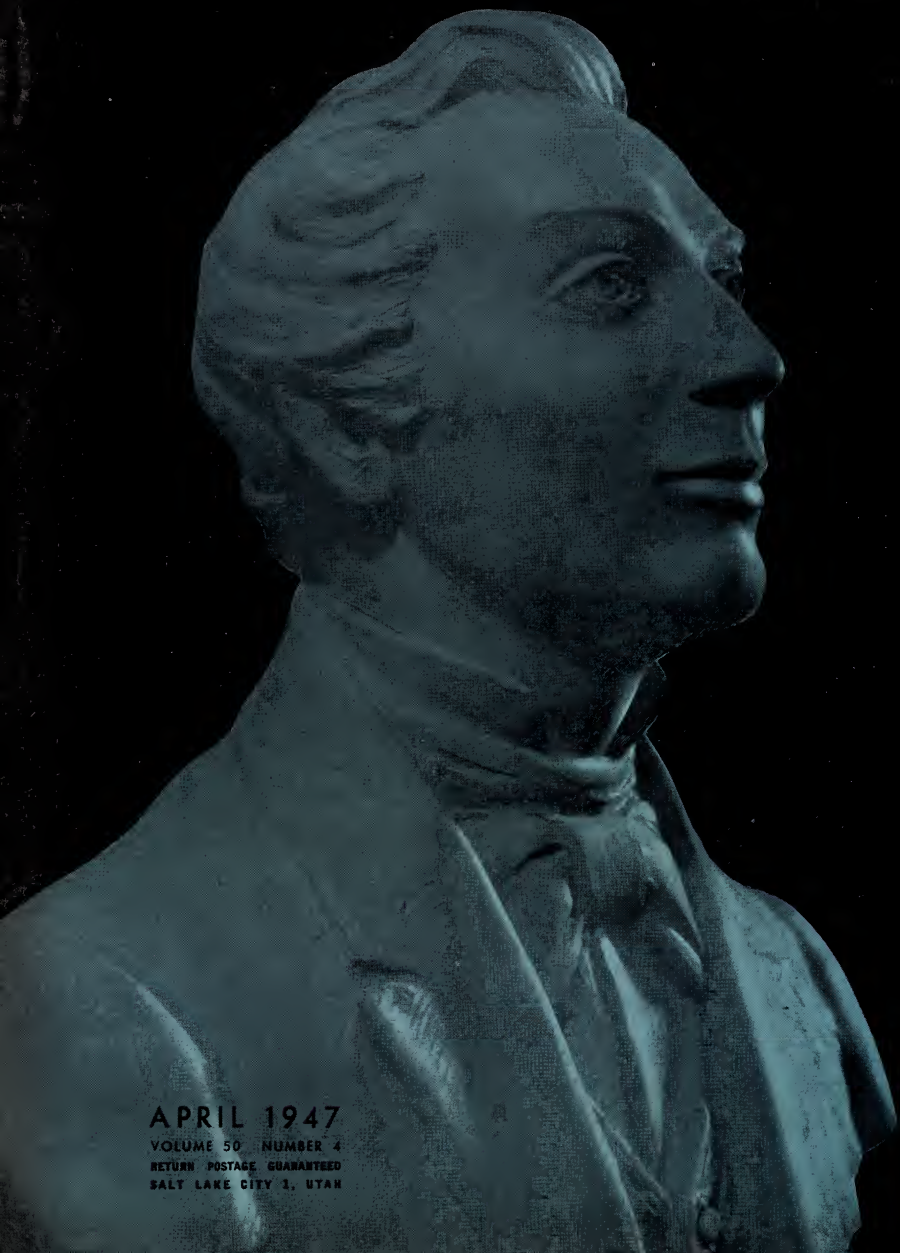


The Improvement Era *Centennial*



APRIL 1947

VOLUME 50 NUMBER 4

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EXPLORING The UNIVERSE

By DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

ONE of the most important developments of the past year was the synthesis of penicillin G at Cornell University by a group led by Professor du Vigneaud. This most effective of a half dozen penicillins has taken five years to synthesize and cost an estimated three million dollars.

A POP-PROOF bag has been invented for the peanut eaters in movie theaters. The seams of the bag are glued so that the seams give way when the bag is blown up.

AN electronic cooker using the short-wave tube developed for radar, the magnetron, is being made which will bake cakes and biscuits in about thirty seconds and another model for airplanes and railroad diners can cook a full meal in less than a minute.

WARTIME RESEARCH on mosquitoes by entomologists led by Dr. Dwight M. DeLong found that carbon dioxide exhaled in the breath excites mosquitoes. They react more quickly to a preheated human arm than to one cooled in water, but they are more attracted to a wet body than a dry one, and more to dark colors than light. Both male and female mosquitoes can live on fruit juices and honey. Only the female is a blood seeker.

THE Chinese language, though spoken by about one fifth of the people in the world, is difficult to write. With thousands of different characters, printing has required large fonts of type, and typewriting was impossible until recently. The International Business Machine Corporation has developed an electrical machine which has five thousand four hundred characters engraved on a large drum. To eliminate using that number of keys, each character is identified by four numbers and is punched when the four keys are pressed on a forty-three keyboard. It is claimed that a good typist can write forty-five words a minute for hours.

To dress for a ball the Maya women of Yucatan sometimes make a coronet of fire beetles which gives the appearance of small electric lamps.



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and
COOL
MILK

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Saltine Wafers
by
PURITY

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The Cover

To Joseph Smith, founder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, the Lord said: "The ends of the earth shall inquire after thy name, and fools shall have thee in derision, and hell shall rage against thee; while the pure in heart, and the wise, and the noble, and the virtuous, shall seek counsel, and authority, and blessings constantly from under thy hand. And thy people shall never be turned against thee by the testimony of traitors." (D. & C. 122:1-3.)

This symbolic head of the Prophet is the work of the sculptor, Torleif Knaphus, prepared for cover use by Charles Jacobsen from a photograph by Don H. Smith.

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Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations

The Improvement Era

APRIL 1947

VOLUME 50, NO. 4

"THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH"

Official Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, Mutual Improvement Associations, Department of Education, Music Committee, Ward Teachers, and Other Agencies of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

★

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DAWN

By
Helen Baker Adams

THE maiden Dawn asked me to show her through
The garden; shy, in gray, she tucked a rosy strand
Of larkspur in her hair, and for the new
Day picked bouquets of hope with her own hand.



★

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Executive and Editorial Offices:

50 North Main Street,
Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

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Entered at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 1917, authorized July 2, 1918.

The Improvement Era is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, but welcomes contributions.

All manuscripts must be accompanied by sufficient postage for delivery and return.

The ——— •

RESURRECTION

By President Joseph F. Smith

In the New Testament the resurrection of man is not only taken for granted, but it also forms a part of Christ's doctrinal system.

That Jesus arose from the dead, and so became an example of what we are to do, is attested by such an array of scriptural proofs that no believer in the inspired records can have a doubt of the fact. The angel testified to the women at the sepulchre—"He is not here: for he is risen, as he said." (Matt. 28:6.) He showed himself to many in Jerusalem, and in addition he manifested himself to the Nephites on this continent where prophets taught the doctrine and foretold his resurrection. From the Book of Mormon we have many of the most striking testimonies of the fact of a literal resurrection, and these facts are with certainty confirmed by modern revelation to the Prophet Joseph Smith.

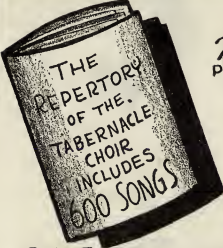
Nature, the testimony of the New Testament, the personal teachings and example of Christ, his appearance among his disciples before his ascension, and on this continent, the written declarations of the prophets in the Book of Mormon, and the revelations of God to the Prophet Joseph Smith, in united, unmistakable voice, all testify to the fact of the literal resurrection of the body.

Guided by the Spirit of the Lord Jesus, by faith in God, in the testimony of his prophets and in the scriptures, I accept the doctrine of the resurrection with all my heart, and rejoice at its confirmation in nature with the awakening of each returning spring. The Spirit of God testifies to me, and has revealed to me, to my complete personal satisfaction, that there is life after death, and that the body which we lay down here will be reunited with our spirit to become a perfect soul, capable of receiving a fulness of joy in the presence of God.

—The Improvement Era,
March 1913, page 508.

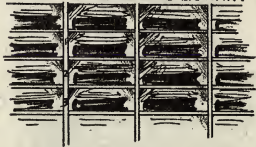
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FREDRICK C.
WOLTERS, JR.

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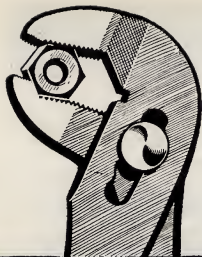


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Do you often give thought to the marvelous time in which you live? You hear the airplane overhead; you read that sixty-six years ago the first electric light was seen as Thomas Alva Edison turned it on in Menlo Park; you touch a button, and your electric stove is burning; you turn a switch, and your home is as light as day; you press a button, and a vacuum cleaner moves over your floor with very little exertion on your part; you sit by your radio and listen to news brought to you on the air waves from the ends of the earth; your telephone keeps you in touch with family, friends, and your work. We could continue indefinitely naming the many inventions which are yours to enjoy.

At present those things which are happening to you may not mean very much, but in years to come you will look back on them as very important years in your life. Up to now you have been mainly occupied with the daily routine of your life, but now you are beginning to realize that you are almost a woman. At eighteen you are no longer legally under the supervision of your parents. At twenty-one you are allowed to vote. More and more as the years go over your head, you realize that you are an independent individual.

Now the question of most importance to you is, "What are the worth-while things in life? For what shall I seek? How shall my energies be spent? What do I owe my parents? What do I owe my state? What do I owe my Church?" And the most important of all the questions which confront you is, "What do I owe my Creator?"

SHALL we turn to the advice of one of the wisest men who have ever lived? King Solomon was a mighty man; his words of wisdom have been broadcast over the world for many centuries. Millions of people read them every year. And what were his words of counsel to youth? Said he:

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them: . . . Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man. (Ecc. 12:1, 13.)

MANY YEARS have passed since Solomon in his great wisdom told youth as a conclusion to the whole matter of living to serve God and keep his commandments. Were he here today, he would without doubt reiterate those words to the youth of today. The history of all peoples from the days of Solomon to this day makes one realize that there is only one way out of the difficulties into which this nation and every nation under heaven is plunged, and that is to return to the worship of the only true and Living God and Jesus Christ who is the Redeemer of the world.

And to you Gleaner Girls comes a most wonderful assignment. You are the children of the covenant, you are the chosen seed, the light upon the hill, the daughters of Zion. You Gleaner Girls do not have to go out in search of truth; you have the truth. You have the gospel of Jesus Christ as your guide for daily living. The Lord tells us how to serve him. The perfect code of living is embodied in the most perfect of sermons, "The Sermon on the Mount." As Latter-day Saints you have the living oracles to guide and counsel you.

The Church offers you a place to worship and serve; you are indeed favored. Will you as Gleaner Girls accept your responsibilities and opportunities?

Affectionately yours,

Lucy G. Cannon
Verna W. Goddard
Lucy T. Andersen

Your Y.W.M.I.A. Presidency

NEW MOON

By Maurine Jacobs

DAY flung her silver fingernail.
She didn't give a care
That old Sun had deserted her—
Had left her in the air.

And then a marvel happened.
That fingernail right soon
Twinkled at her merily
And became the bright new moon!

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

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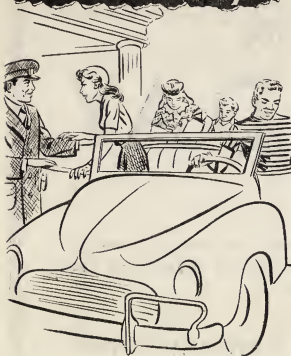
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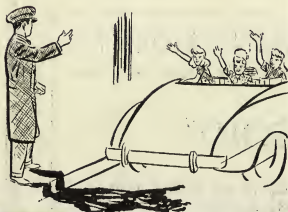
The Story



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—AND A HAPPY ENDING



THESE TIMES



By DR. G. HOMER DURHAM

*Director of the Institute of Government,
University of Utah*

IN June 1948, Great Britain promises to turn over to a responsible Indian government the task of ruling approximately one fifth of the human beings on this earth. This promise, announced by Prime Minister Clement Attlee on February 20, 1947, carries great significance.

INDIA, the great subcontinent, the huge Asiatic peninsula which juts into the Indian Ocean, contains over 388,997,000 people exclusive of Burma and Ceylon. Burma has been promised independence too. Together with Ceylon, India and Burma account for about one person in every five of the world's population. An official British study of 1929 showed that the people of India alone speak one hundred seventy-nine distinct languages and five hundred fifty-four separate dialects.

THUS, there are many "Indias." Politically speaking, India consists of seventeen British provinces, "British India," and the twelve Indian states, a situation which was crystallized in 1858 and continues to the present time. Visualize the map of India. Then imagine that you "splatter" ink from your fountain pen all over the map. The small ink spots and streaks can represent in your mind the Indian states. Each of these is ruled, in the legal sense, by a native ruler. He may be a raja, maharaja, prince, or potentate. With each of the native rulers, Great Britain has treaties. These treaties make the several Indian states "protectorates" of the British Crown. Thus England has the real control of the Indian states but has chosen to rule and govern them through the medium of the local prince.

You may now imagine that the rest of the map, the part not splattered by your fountain pen (and by far the largest territory some 300,000,000 population), is "British India." This territory is under actual British rule, with no local prince as intermediary, and with a system of local assemblies and officials established by various acts of Parliament since 1858, and by provincial and central Indian parliamentary institutions since 1919.

THEREFORE, in turning India over to local rule, England will be relinquishing its governance of British India.

That will be one thing. The relinquishing of control over the Indian states will be another thing. However, Prime Minister Attlee has announced that negotiations will be undertaken with the various Indian states, in the direction of India's complete independence, between now and June 1948. The problem here, and one of the fundamental problems of India as a governmental entity, is whether or not each, any, or all of the Indian princes will choose to lose their semi-monarchical status by severing their protectorate arrangement with Great Britain; and undertaking to acquire a less advantageous relationship within a republican Indian state! The British may agree to "drop" India, but will the Indian states consent to being "dropped"? This situation will bear watching.

IN the religious sense there is a Hindu India and a Mohammedan India. The Hindus are in the overwhelming majority (255,000,000), but there are enough Moslems to boycott and make ineffective a complete Indian state. Many of the native princes in the states are Moslems, which aggravates the political problem. The Moslems have advocated a separate state of their own, a solution which has come to bear the name "Pakistan." Come June 1948, and the withdrawal of British rule, what will happen to Pakistan? The Hindus insist on *purna swaraj*, or complete independence for India as a complete unit. The Moslems want Pakistan. Between the native states and Pakistan, the first independent government of India will have its work cut out for it!

THE leader of the Moslem group, the Pakistan party, is Mohammed Ali Jinnah. He appears to be a rather well-grounded capitalist. The leader of the Hindu group, and ostensibly the real leader who will come to power, is Jawaharlal Nehru. Nehru has definite, though veiled, socialist-Marxist leanings. On July 4, 1936, Nehru said, of his native land:

There are two mentalities in this country, revolutionary and reformist. The Congress [Nehru's party] can accept no other than the revolutionary attitude. . . . The main issue in this country is to remove poverty and unemployment. There is only one solution, the socialist solution.

At the same time, Nehru appears to be one of those socialists seriously concerned with political freedom. Whether

(Concluded on page 239)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



—Photograph by Don H. Smith

And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people,

Saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come: and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters. (*Revelation 14:6, 7.*)



'Mess' call, 1947

Take a robust boy, aged eight or thereabouts, add one inquisitive pooch, stir in a soft Spring day—and what have you got? A job for Fels-Naptha, of course!

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And you needn't rub them ragged to do it.

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Fels-Naptha Soap

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WHY?

*By
Lucile Brazier Woods*

DURING the war, juvenile delinquency increased greatly, and we are now urged more than ever to keep our children nearer home and make a place for them where they may bring their friends.

Because the radio has become one of our greatest means of entertainment and education, we might gather our children around the radio with their friends for a sociable evening. But what decent American family would want to entertain killers in their home? No one would knowingly; and yet the characters portrayed in murder stories are of that undesirable type. Occasionally, a story dealing with crime, pointing out the moral that crime does not pay, may have some beneficial effect on young people, but the majority of murder stories are gruesome and disgusting, and cannot possibly have a good effect on the susceptible minds of youth.

It is up to the parents, and especially to the mothers, to do something about this growing menace. Since too many parents themselves listen to these programs, it is only natural that children hear them also.

There are many interesting and entertaining programs featuring music, comedy, and educational themes, but in many cases these are switched off for a bloodcurdling murder mystery. It would be better to turn the radio off completely and gather your family together for an evening of reading, music, discussion, or individual study.

Do we as parents have to sit back and take this type of program or is there something that we can do about it? I believe there is, and I'm sure many other parents share my opinion. If there were sufficient protests, I feel certain the broadcasting companies would cooperate. Naturally these programs are sponsored by manufacturers advertising their products, in order to reach a great many people. But their products would not be heard of, at least

(Concluded on page 249)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

THE LORD'S SIDE

•————— of the Line

By PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH

A GOOD MAN who was counselor to President Brigham Young said upon one occasion, "There is a line of demarcation well-defined. On one side of the line is the Lord's territory, and on the other side of the line is the devil's territory. If you will stay on the Lord's side of the line, you are safe. But if you go onto the devil's side of the line just one inch, you are in his territory; you are in his power; and he will seek to draw you just as far from that line as he can, knowing that if he can keep you in his territory, he has you in his power."

In all we do in life, we should never forget that the only safe place is on the Lord's side of that line. Honoring our fathers and our mothers is on the Lord's side of the line. Always being truthful is on the Lord's side of the line. Being honest with our neighbors is on the Lord's side of the line. Keeping the Word of Wisdom is on the Lord's side of the line. Paying our tithes and our offerings is on the Lord's side of the line.

Honoring our bishop and his counselors, honoring those who are called to preside in the other offices of the ward, honoring those who preside over us in our stakes, sustaining them and holding up their hands, is on the Lord's side of the line; praying for and sustaining the leadership of the Church—not my church or your church, but the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints of which we are fortunate to be members—is on the Lord's side of the line.

Those who disobey the commandments of our Heavenly Father, no matter in how small degree it may be, have gone into the devil's territory, and it is time that we as members of this Church, living in this day and age of the world, should understand this. No man can do that which is wrong and stay on the Lord's side of the line. We choose where we will be. God has given us our agency; and if we do that which is wrong and get into the devil's territory, we do it because we have the will and power to do it. We cannot blame others for what we choose to do. And if we determine to keep the commandments of God and live as we ought to live and stay on the Lord's side of the line, we shall receive our blessing for it.

It ought not to be difficult for us to keep the commandments of the Lord because we want to be happy. It ought not to be difficult for husbands and wives to love one another and be true to one another because that is being on the Lord's side of the line. It ought not to be difficult for us to keep the Word of Wisdom. It ought not to be difficult for boys and girls to love their parents and honor them because that is on the Lord's side of the line.

I might go on and enumerate many other things, but I may sum it all up by saying: Every good thing is on the Lord's side of the line, and all the happiness that is worth the name, all the happiness that is enjoyed in this world and beyond this world, is enjoyed on the Lord's side of the line.

So I am going to suggest, not only to our boys and girls, not only to our young men and women, but also to everyone, that the thing for us to do if we want to be happy is to live righteous lives; and if we will do this, we will be on the Lord's side of the line; and the adversary will not be able to lead us into temptation that will destroy us. God will protect us if we follow his advice and counsel, and he will see that we are made happy.

The EDITOR'S PAGE

WESTWARD

— with the Saints

[Winter Quarters] Thursday the 11th [of March 1847]—Warm spring weather—George Billings came down from the herd today—I went for father to Brother Clayton's to see about a wagon that he and father are jointly getting repaired to send with the pioneers—Brother C. [Clayton] thinks of sending one man, viz.—Thomas Corbett—and father expects Orson and myself to go for him—that is, to go and assist in putting in a spring crop, till the ground, etc., that the families when they come on may have something to move to. . . . Went by father's request and engaged a pair of boots by Brother Washburn, to be made next week—Forgot to mention that last evening I again went with father into the store to make a purchase of some articles. . . .

Wednesday the 17th—Beautiful weather. My boots were finished today—went also and got a coat made and done several things preparatory to the journey. . . . Got sev-

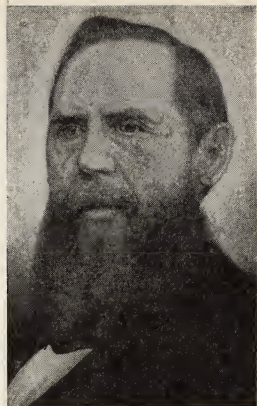
*Excerpts from the
hitherto unpublished
journal of*

**HORACE K.
WHITNEY**

1847

eral things today of father at the store—Brother Corbett laid in his supplies and brought the wagon to father's yard that we might lay in ours also. . . .

Saturday the 20th—Beautiful weather though somewhat windy. . . . Doing all we can, myself and Orson, to get ready to go with the pioneers, as Monday next is named as the intended day for starting. . . .



HORACE K. WHITNEY

Monday the 22nd—On rising this morning discovered that it had snowed considerably during the night—A different arrangement was entered into by the Council today, pertaining to our removal west—it is now the intention to leave all the families, except those who can fit themselves out, here for another season, and the pioneers go to the mountains and put in a fall crop, and then some of them return for their families, so as to bring them up by the ensuing spring. . . . The new arrangements with regard to our removal will probably protract our departure somewhat. . . .

Tuesday the 30th—Warm day—It is supposed that we will start tomorrow or next day—Brother Kimball has six wagons fitted out, ready, loaded to start—Brother Corbett, Orson and myself flying around today, to get ready to start. . . .

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 1st, 2nd & 3rd of April—Nothing doing except helping off the pioneers—Bro. Clayton has concluded not to send Bro. Corbett, consequently Orson and myself have to go it alone. It is the intention to start most of the teams on Monday, who are to go up to the Elk Horn River and then wait till all shall come up—Brigham and Bro. K. [Kimball] will not start on Monday as there is to be a conference here to commence on Tuesday the 6th inst. . . .

Monday the 5th—Rained considerably last night, accompanied by thunder and lightning—quite wet

EDITORIAL NOTE

As a contribution to the historical literature of the Church, and in keeping with the centennial celebration this year, the editors of *The Improvement Era* will present in the April, May, June, and July issues, excerpts from the hitherto unpublished diary of Horace K. Whitney, a member of the original group of pioneers who came to Salt Lake valley in July 1847.

Horace K. Whitney was twenty-three years of age at the time he made this historic journey, having been born at Kirtland, Ohio, on July 25, 1823, the son of Bishop Newel K. and Elizabeth Ann Whitney.

Horace was fortunate in his youth in having had an intimate acquaintance with the Prophet Joseph Smith, from 1831, the time of the Prophet's arrival in Kirtland, until his death in 1844. Horace was ordained a priest and an elder by the Prophet.

A few weeks prior to the departure of the Saints from Nauvoo, early in 1846, Horace was married to Helen Mar Kimball, eldest daughter of Heber C. and Vilate Kimball.

When the pioneer journey to the west was being planned at Winter Quarters in the spring of 1847, Bishop Newel K. Whitney decided to remain at the camp of the Saints (on the advice and counsel of the Church Authorities) and send his two boys, Horace and Orson, in his place. Orson was seventeen years of age.

Horace kept a journal of the historic journey, which has been preserved by members of his family, and from which excerpts are now to be presented. *The Improvement Era* takes this opportunity to thank Mrs. Emily Whitney Smith, granddaughter of Horace K. Whitney, for the use of this interesting material, as well as to Mrs. Hattie Whitney Saville, youngest and only surviving child of Horace K. Whitney, who furnished the pictures.

Horace and Helen Kimball Whitney became the parents of the distinguished bishop, apostle, historian, and poet, Orson F. Whitney.

Horace K. Whitney died in Salt Lake City on November 22, 1884.

The excerpts are printed exactly as they were written one hundred years ago.

The Editors

under foot this morning—cleared off fair this afternoon—first rain this season—4 of the 6 wagons belonging to Brother Kimball started out this afternoon and went three miles—as far as the hay stacks—Father, Jacob Wetherbee and myself loaded my wagon this afternoon. . . .

Thursday the 8th—Started with my wagon about 11 a.m.—myself and Orson, and went three miles to the hay stacks where the rest of the boys were—Brother and Sister Kimball went with us. Brigham and his camp were three or four miles from here ahead—Porter came up on horseback and informed us that P. P. Pratt had just arrived from England and that John Taylor and O. Hyde were soon expected. Left my wagon and went back home to spend the night. . . .



Home of Horace K. and Helen Mar Whitney. This house stood on the present site of the Joseph F. Smith Memorial Building, facing North Temple Street.

Friday the 9th—Fair weather—Before starting yesterday Father Lott blessed Orson and myself and gave us many good promises, of health and safety—that we should return to our friends again, &c., &c. Brother Kimball, Father and Dr. Richards started this morning and went on in Brother Kimball's carriage—Orson drove the team and I rode Bro. Brigham's horse as far as his camp, where we arrived about noon—7 miles from home—went on three miles farther and camped by the side of a beautiful spring, having made ten miles today—Orson on guard.

Saturday the 10th—Fair day as usual. Father did not at first intend

going on with us, but finally concluded to go to the Horn, by Brigham's and Heber's requests—travelled about fifteen miles today and encamped on the prairie, near a ravine, where we could get water, about six miles from the Horn.

Sunday the 11th—Fair day—traveled on and arrived at the Horn about 2 p.m., and crossed the river on a raft, drawn on the opposite side by cattle, with the assistance of ropes on either side—Bro. Bullock, Dr. Richards' clerk, took down the number of wagons as they crossed, which amounted to seventy-two—went about a mile, after crossing, down the stream, and camped for the night—the wagons formed in line, our horses being hitched to stakes and fed on cottonwood trees. . . .

Monday the 12th—Fair today—Brigham, Bro. Kimball, father, Porter, Bro. Benson, O. Pratt, G. A. Smith, Dr. Richards and a number of others went back to Winter Quarters—Before starting it was agreed by the Council that the remainder of us left behind should travel on about twelve miles to the Platte River, in order to get across an extensive bottom that intervened, lest it should rain and make it bad going—accordingly we travelled on and encamped on the banks of the Platte, the sun being about 2 hours high. . . .

Thursday the 15th—Still fair weather—the Twelve arrived this afternoon, having been gone four

days—with them came Father, C. L. Whitney, Bro. Little (who has just arrived from the east), and William Clayton (who is going with us)—father and Lyman will return tomorrow, and we also intend to start on our journey. . . .

Friday the 16th—This day gloomy, windy and cold—forgot to mention that Ellen Sanders came back with Br. Kimball when he returned—about 8 o'clock the camp were called together and organized, 2 captains of 100's, viz:—Stephen Markham and A. P. Rockwood were appointed, also 5 captains of 50's and 14 captains of 10's—There are 143 men and boys on the list of the pioneer company, 3 women and Lorenzo Young's 2 children; 72 wagons. . . . The names of the females in the camp are Ellen Sanders, Harriet P. Young, Clarissa Young—the names of the children are Sabisky [Zobieski] Young and Perry Decker—making a total of 148 souls in the pioneer company. . . . About 2 p.m. the camp started and proceeded about three miles and encamped in a line about six hundred yards from timber, where there is plenty of cottonwood and some rushes—The country in the vicinity of the Elk Horn is one of the most beautiful that I ever saw—The bluffs in the east are nicely rolling and beautifully lined with timber, and some very nice cedar groves—The Horn is a beautiful stream, about 150 feet wide and 4 feet deep, and some few fish are to be found therein.

Saturday the 17th—Cold this morning—wind north west—At nine o'clock we started on our journey, wind blowing very high, which made it quite disagreeable as it was, a sandy road. . . . Went seven miles and encamped near a beautiful grove of cottonwood. . . .

Sunday the 18th—This morning high winds from the south and very cold—Today being set apart by the Lord for his people to rest, we do not intend to travel—Three wagons loaded with furs passed this morning; also 4 or 5 pack mules passed a short time afterward going to the settlements. . . . about sunset President Young called the captains together and gave them the following instructions—"At 8 o'clock and 30 minutes the bugle will sound and all should retire to their wagons and bow before the Lord and offer up

(Continued on page 204)

WESTWARD WITH THE SAINTS

(Continued from page 203)

thanks to him before going to bed, and that all fires should be extinguished at that time—also the bugle will sound at 5 in the morning when all should arise and offer up their thanks to the Lord and at 7 o'clock be ready to start . . . all spare hands should walk on the off side of their respective wagons with their rifles loaded."

Monday the 19th—Fair weather this morning, calm and pleasant—At 5 a.m. the bugle sounded for all to arise and pray, and at 7 o'clock the camp was in motion with orders to travel in two rows or double file. . . . At 1 o'clock and 30 minutes we stooped to feed near a bend in the river, after traveling 15 miles—while there O. P. Rockwell, J. Redden, J. C. Little and Thomas Brown arrived from Winter Quarters and brought a number of letters, among them were 1 for Orson and myself from mother, and two for me from my wife, dated Saturday the 17th. . . .

Wednesday the 21st—Orson and myself arose punctually at the sound of the bugle, this morning at 5, and returned thanks to the Lord. . . . Most of the ox teams started at 7 o'clock, and some of the horse teams soon after—We belong to Appleton Harmon's company of 10 and are included in John Pack's company of 50. . . . After going 4 or 5 miles we met a dozen or so of the Loup band of Pawnee Indians, and among them was their chief, whose name is Sisketuk—he rode a mule, the rest were on foot. They came forward and shook hands with us as we passed—Went about 2 miles further when the tire of one of Brother Kimball's wagons came off and our line of wagons halted while it was being repaired, which occupied about 15 minutes—We then proceeded until we came parallel to the trading house of Mr. Sarpee, on the south side of the Loup Fork. . . .

Thursday the 22nd—Orson and myself arose at 1 a.m. and he went on the picquet guard—I was stationed close to the camp—Strong northeast wind and quite cold—felt rather dumphish this morning, both of us—Brigham and Heber both stood guard the 1st part of the night—Started this morning at 10 minutes to 8 and traveled over the most interesting part of the country I have yet seen on the route. . . .

Friday the 23rd—Arose this morning at the usual hour. Brigham, Heber, W. Woodruff, Bro. Benson, Amasa Lyman, Luke Johnson, A. P. Rockwood, James Case, J. Redden, O. P. Rockwell, Joseph Mathews and one or two others rode out this morning on horseback in search of a suitable fording place on the Loup Fork. . . . The weather remarkably warm and sultry—Orson and myself unloaded our wagon and re-arranged the things therein, and filled our bed tick with hay from the stack—Orson also made a seat of boards, which he found here, to put in the fore part of the wagon to ride—the brethren in the camp mostly busy washing, repairing their wagons, etc.,—the brethren who went out in



search of a fording place returned at half past ten and the people were called together to learn the result—The orders were for every team to take 2 or 3 or 4 rails into their wagons and instantly proceed on the journey, and for every ten to travel together, horses and ox teams. . . .

Saturday the 24th—Very warm day and but little air stirring—The brethren commenced crossing the river this forenoon, in different ways, some putting their effects in the leather boat and taking their empty wagons over the river with their horses and cattle attached—The horses and cattle were driven back and forth loose in order to establish a firm track as it was discovered that the sand packed together and formed a more substantial foundation by traveling frequently over it—Stakes were planted at intervals across the stream as a guide. . . .

Sunday the 25th—Fair weather, the wind blowing from the west, tolerably fresh—Spent the day chiefly watching my horses which I turned out this morning to graze, the feed being very good here as grass has taken a fresh start since the last rain—Meeting held at 6 p.m. near Brigham's wagon. . . .

Monday the 26th—This morning I was awakened at daybreak by the bugle sounding an alarm for the people to gather together—It appears that 2 of the guard surprised 2 Indians in the act of coming into the camp—they were crawling stealthily along on their hands and knees. When they fired at them, instantly 4 more, making 6 in all, jumped to their feet and ran as fast as they could for the timber—after sunrise the impressions of several moccasin tracks were plainly to be seen in the sand on the shore of the river—the men were all rallied and a guard kept till day light—Brother Wolsey and others, from the shape of the track, judged it to have been caused by the moccasin of a Sioux. . . .

Friday the 30th—Clear and cold, the wind being in the north—The wagons in our 10 started at 20 minutes to 8 a.m.—Went a short distance and waited $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour until the remainder of the teams got under way. Traveled over a rather uneven prairie a little south of west and stopped at 12 m., on the banks of a clear and beautiful stream with a gravel bottom, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the river—Some few deer seen by the hunters today—The grass here is of the highest and most luxuriant growth we have yet seen—There have been three fresh buffalo tracks seen today by the hunters—a number of them are out in pursuit of game—traveled rather slowly this forenoon, as we accommodated ourselves to the pace of ox teams, making about 8 miles—at 20 minutes to 2 p.m. we were again in motion—went 8 miles and encamped on the open prairie, a mile from the river, and still farther from timber which was on Grand Island opposite. . . . Reached this place about 6 p.m. and encamped in a circle, having made 16 miles today. The last of the 1st bag of corn for the horses was used this evening. The wind blew very strong from the north all night.

(To be continued)

RADIO

and the Gospel Message

By ALBERT L. ZOBELL, JR.



—Photograph, courtesy of Rachel Grant Taylor
THE FIRST RADIO BROADCAST OF THE RESTORED GOSPEL MAY 6, 1922

RADIO, like so many of the things of life that are now accepted as commonplace, had its humble beginnings. Probably the first broadcasting in the intermountain west, resembling what we know today, was done November 22, 1920, when *The Deseret News* began broadcasting from station 6ZM, Salt Lake City. In recounting the popularity of the station and its nightly newscast at nine o'clock, a historical article in the magazine section of that paper on March 4, 1922, quietly boasts that the station had been strong enough "at times," to be heard in New Mexico, Arizona, California, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, Montana, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, and Kansas, as well as Utah. Their one big achievement was that the *S. S. Maui*, on a San Francisco-Hawaii voyage, had reported picking up the station, February 12, 1921, while 1,188 miles at sea.

A quarter-century ago, on Saturday, May 6, 1922, the restored gospel was taught by radio for the first time as station KZN was formally

dedicated by *The Deseret News*. At eight o'clock that evening President Heber J. Grant stepped to the microphone, saying:

This is my message to the people of the world, a quotation from the Doctrine and Covenants, known as section 76, a revelation to Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon.

And this is the gospel, the glad tidings, which the voice out of the heavens bore record unto us—

That he came into the world, even Jesus, to be crucified for the world, and to bear the sins of the world, and to sanctify the world, and to cleanse it from all unrighteousness;

That through him all might be saved whom the Father had put into his power and made by him; . . .

For we saw him, even on the right hand of God; and we heard the voice bearing record that he is the Only Begotten of the Father—

That by him, and through him, and of him, the worlds are and were created, and the inhabitants thereof are begotten sons and daughters unto God. (D. & C. 76:40-42, 23, 24.)

I bear witness to all mankind that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the true and the Living God.

C. CLARENCE NESLEN, then mayor of Salt Lake City, congratulated the people of the state and the intermountain region on this enterprise. He was followed by Sister Augusta Grant.

President Anthony W. Ivins, the next speaker, alluded to the difference between the transmission of news between that wireless instrument and what the Pioneers had a scant seventy-five years previously.

President George Albert Smith, then a member of the Council of the Twelve and superintendent of the Y.M.M.I.A., next addressed that unseen audience. He said:

I have had many unique experiences in my life. I had the privilege of riding the first bicycle that came into Salt Lake City, and the first pattern of safety bicycle that came here. I talked in the first telephone that came here and have talked over the long distance telephone from San Francisco to New York. I have heard the Pacific and the Atlantic oceans rumbling over the wires. I have also had the pleasure of riding in an airplane from Brussels to London, at the rate, part of the time, of one hundred miles an hour.

I have lived to see many wonderful things occur, as predicted by the prophets of old, wherein it was stated that when the Book of Mormon should first come forth, the Lord would commence his work among the nations, and we have lived to see more wonderful inventions during the period of time since the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, that would contribute to the comfort and satisfaction of the human family, than have occurred in all the balance of time, since the world was created.

And, now, to cap the climax, we have the opportunity of talking over a wireless telephone, and having it broadcast to very many stations, scattered at intervals anywhere from five hundred to one thousand miles away. I had the privilege once of sending the first wireless telegram that was ever received by President Joseph F. Smith, when I was out in the Atlantic Ocean, but I look upon this wireless telephone as the culmination of all the marvelous experiences to which the human family has thus far been heir, and I congratulate the people who live in this wonderful land of liberty, this country which is always foremost in matters of invention, and I am grateful, indeed, that my lot has been cast among a people who look forward to every good thing for the benefit and uplift of mankind.

(Concluded on page 255)

President

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH'S

IN the fall of 1891, when President George Albert Smith was twenty-one years of age, he was called by the First Presidency to undertake his first mission for the Church. This was not a two-year mission to the eastern or the southern states or to Europe or the isles of the sea. It was a short term or local mission, "to the stakes of Juab, Millard, Beaver, and Parowan, to labor among the young people."

At the time of this call George Albert, as he was familiarly known, was working for Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institution as a salesman in the grocery department. He had, in fact, just returned from a long journey by wagon, which had taken him as far south as Richfield in Sevier County, and had occupied nearly a month's time. He had called at the stores in the various small settlements and had taken orders for groceries, both on the outward and return trips.

George Albert was a pleasant young man of happy temperament; naturally optimistic, friendly, alert, energetic; in fact, it appears that in the work of a salesman he had found an occupation for which he was particularly qualified. Then, as if out of the clear blue sky, came this letter from the First Presidency calling him on a mission.

He did not give a second thought as to whether or not he should accept the call. Of course he would go; that was a foregone conclusion. There was just one regret and that was that he would have to leave his sweetheart, Lucy Emily Woodruff. He and Lucy were engaged, and they hoped to be married sometime during the coming summer.

George Albert kept a diary while on his first mission, and from the pages of this little book the information for this article was gleaned.

The diary opens with the following entry:

Salt Lake City, Sept. 1st., '91. Was called by the Presidency to go on a mission to the stakes of Juab, Millard, Beaver,

and Parowan. Got a recommend from the bishop to go to the temple. Saw Lucy in the evening.

The reader will no doubt remember that the Salt Lake Temple was not completed in 1891, and it was therefore necessary for George Al-



LUCY EMILY WOODRUFF [SMITH]

bert to go to either the Logan Temple or the Manti Temple. He chose to go to Manti. The entry of September 2 follows:

Salt Lake, September 2nd. Left for Manti on the D. & R. G., in company with W. B. Dougall, Jr., who was appointed to labor with me. Stopped at the Bench House. Called at Lowry's.

William B. Dougall, Jr., was the handsome, refined, educated young son of William B. and Maria Young Dougall. His mother was the daughter of President Brigham Young. William was one year older than George Albert. The two had been close friends and companions at home and had known each other from childhood. They looked forward to the experiences of this mission together.

On September 3, George Albert wrote:

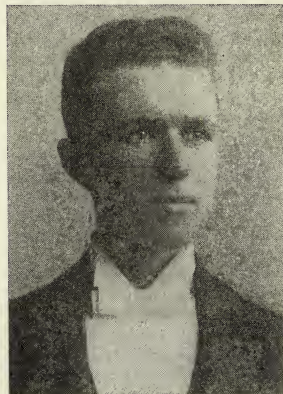
Went through the temple and enjoyed myself very much; I wish my friends would prepare themselves for the work to be done.

THE missionaries returned to Salt Lake City on the train the day after their visit to the temple, and in the evening George Albert took Lucy for a buggy ride. Then, Monday morning, September 7, he departed for his mission field. On the way to the depot he called to say good-bye to Lucy. He missed the train by twenty minutes.

Went to the U. P. depot but found that the train and the time-table conflicted and I was twenty minutes late. Went on down to the D. & R. G. and took the train to Provo. Left my valise at the depot and went to grandmother's. Saw Sarah. Went to the lake picnic with the folks. Got home tired and much disgusted with what I saw.

The next morning he met Elder Dougall on the train bound for Nephi, and the two arrived in their field of labor, ninety miles from home, shortly before noon.

Arrived in Nephi and were met by stake superintendent [of the Y. M. M. I. A.] D. K. Brown. Went home with him and had a nice dinner. We next called on Brother William Paxman and had a pleasant chat with him about our work. Called on a few friends who made us welcome to their homes.



WILLIAM B. [WILBY] DOUGALL, JR.

FIRST MISSION

for the Church

By PRESTON NIBLEY

Thus was the first day in the mission field spent by the two young elders. William Paxman, referred to above, was the president of Juab Stake. That night the visitors stayed with Brother Brown, and the diary reveals the activities of the following day.

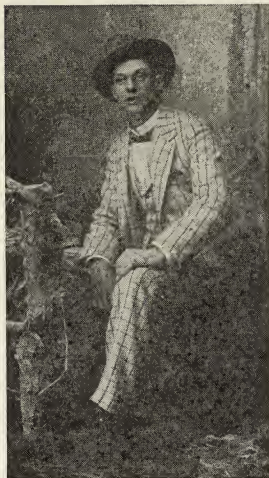
Arose at eight o'clock feeling a little cheap at having taken the bed of our host, he having slept on the floor. After breakfast Brother Brown went and got a buggy and team and took us to Mona. We arrived at Brother Kay's and had a nice dinner. Ran to the train to mail our letters. We said good-bye to Brother Brown as we did not expect to see him again. Went to the home and studied up a little scripture. John W. Young and a Mr. Arnold came in at supper time. We held a meeting which was very poorly attended. Were invited to stay when we came back. Had a good night's rest. Was informed of the wedding preparations of LEW [Lucy Emily Woodruff] by WBD [William B. Dougall].

Next morning the visitors returned to Nephi.

Mona, Sept. 10th, '91. Arose feeling very well. Had a good breakfast and started for Nephi, driven by a son of Brother Kay. Went to Brother Paxman's as instructed. Saw Brother Brown again. Went to the home and studied up a little scripture. Arrangements were made to take us to Levan. We had an excellent dinner at Bro. Paxman's prepared by Miss Alice Paxman. Brother Brown called for us to go to Levan about 2:15 p.m. Were caught in a rain storm. Arrived at Bishop Ogard's, the storm having ceased. We took a short walk and got back just in time to avoid a terrible thunderstorm. The hail that came down was as large as pigeon's eggs, and then a terrible rainstorm followed. Weather turned off quite cold. We are well treated and well wished by everybody.

The following day a successful meeting was held with the good people of Levan.

Levan, Sept. 11th, '91. Arose after a good night's rest feeling first-rate. Took a skate through the mud before breakfast. [This was his way of expressing the fact that he took a short walk in the rain-soaked town.] After eating went and saw the first



PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN

counselor of the Y.M.M.I.A. of Levan. He offered us transportation to the home of the president, but we declined with thanks. We walked two miles out of town to see him, and I got in the mud in good shape, right over my shoe tops. We met the president and had a splendid chat and dinner. The water here looks like mud and tastes like vinegar. [This was fifty-six years ago. It is different now.] Held a meeting in the meetinghouse. The house was full and a good time was had. Brother Dougall leading for fifteen minutes and I followed for thirty-five minutes. The president of the Y.M.M.I.A. next spoke for a few moments. The feeling was very good.

THE missionaries returned to Nephi to spend the week end.

Levan, Sept. 12th, '91. Arose after a good night's rest and cut some wood. Had the morning meal, after which I wrote two letters, one to Mother and the other to Martha. Brother Peterson called for us and took us to Nephi. We were received

very pleasantly by Bro. Thomas Parks. Were just in time for dinner. I went with Wilb [nickname for his companion] to call on Mrs. Bryan, where we were entertained by the family and a Miss Neff who was invited in. Retired at ten o'clock. Expected a letter today but was disappointed. Am a little alarmed, but trust that all is well. Found the parlor transformed into a bedroom.

The next day was Sunday, and the elders attended church.

Nephi, Sept. 13th, '91. Arose at 6:30 and took a ride on Bro. Park's bicycle. Enjoyed the ride but broke the bicycle. Went to Sunday School and was called to address the school; only spoke a few words. Next was called to visit the primary and had a nice time with the little ones. Told them the story of the Savior's birth and life, and they told me who it was. After Sunday School I was surprised and much gratified by Brother Dougall telling me that he had thought to lead in our labors together, but that he felt to say to me that I was so much better qualified than he was that he desired to follow me in all of our labors.

We had a good dinner and went to meeting. Brother Karl G. Maeser occupied the time. He felt the same as I do about the young. Was called to dismiss the meeting.

Held a meeting in the evening. Brother Dougall spoke first for about twenty-five minutes, and I followed for thirty minutes. We both enjoyed the spirit very well. Started home with some of our acquaintances. Received invitations to eat with a number of people. Retired at 10:25. The letter that I looked for never came.

But he was not discouraged. He was at the post office next morning and was rewarded for his long wait.

Nephi, Sept. 14th, '91. Arose feeling well and took a little exercise. Went to the post office. Got LEW's letter. Feel sorry that she is so ill. Took dinner with James Bigler and family. Visited the new academy. Wrote Lucy nine pages. Read most of the afternoon. Spent the evening at Langley Bailey's. Wish I could talk to Lucy for a few moments. Retired at 10 o'clock.

ON Thursday, September 17, the missionaries continued their journey southward.

We left Nephi at 9:30 in company with Brother Hawkins. Got to Brother Peterson's at Levan for dinner. Left at 12:30 for Scipio. Saw John Acorn on the train as it passed. Got to Scipio at five o'clock. Roads very dusty. Stopped at Sister Yates' and was kindly treated. Met the bishop for the first time. Brother Thompson had sent to Juab for us but missed us. Held a meeting in the evening but did not feel well. Meeting not very well attended.

Only a one night's stop was made at Scipio. Brother Thompson took the elders on to Holden.

(Continued on page 208)

PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH'S FIRST MISSION

(Continued from page 207)

Arose and cut some wood. After breakfast I studied a little while, also called on Brother Martin. After dinner Brother William Thompson called on us and took us to Holden. He had a pair of young colts, and they made some very awkward moves. We arrived all safe and went to the home of Brother Stephenson, the president of the Y.M.M.I.A. in Holden. We held a meeting in the new meetinghouse. It is a fine place, splendidly finished, and good seats; as clean as it can be. The meeting was poorly attended. Retired at 10 o'clock.

The journey was now continued to Fillmore.

Arose and cut some wood. After breakfast left for Fillmore, behind the same pair of cayuses; they tried to get in the wagon with their hind feet. We arrived at Fillmore all O.K. Saw George Hansen and had a pleasant chat. Saw Albert Davis and Porter Callister. Expected a letter from Lucy but did not get one, so I patiently wait. Got a letter from father. Stopped at Sister Robinson's. Had a good meeting in the evening. Wore George Hansen's coat.

The next day, September 20, was Sunday, and the elders attended Sunday School in Fillmore.

Arose at eight o'clock. Went to Sunday School and spoke to the children. Saw Joseph Lovell. Took dinner with George Hansen and had a fine time. Bade Brother William Thompson good-bye and started with George Hansen for Beaver. We held meeting in Meadow at two o'clock and had a fine house; also meeting in Kanosh at 7:30 which was well attended. We passed the Hell Hole, where one of the wives of Kanosh killed another of his wives and put her body in the hole. It is supposed that the hole is an old copper mine that was worked by the Lamanites or Spaniards. We saw the grave of old Walker, the robber Indian chief, on the side of the hill. We saw the grave also of old Mike. He was photographed the day before he died, and the Indians thought that Will Calder was the cause of his death, as he was the photographer. We stopped at the residence of Brother J. J. Rapley, but slept at the bishop's. No letter from Lucy.

After leaving Kanosh the missionaries continued their journey southward to Beaver.

Arose at 6:30 and went to Brother Rapley's; found George Hansen all ready. While eating breakfast it started to rain, but we hunched up and started in an uncovered wagon. We had umbrellas and rubber coats, so we were all right. The rain came down quite hard for a little way but stopped before long. We got to Cove at 11:40, all O.K.; the wind quite cold. Left Cove at 2 o'clock and got to Beaver at 5:30. We got a streak of telling personal adventures, some of which were quite ludicrous. The Fish Creek camp was dis-

cussed and the pranks told of again. We arrived at Brother Maeser's and were well received. Mr. Clayton took us through the Court House, which, by the way, is very fine; the cost was \$13,000. The clock in the tower is a fine one made by the Howard Watch and Clock Company. The weight of the clock is one thousand two hundred and fifty pounds, and it is a hard job for one man to wind it up. After supper we went to the tabernacle. The attendance was fair, and the spirit was very good. We received a hearty vote of thanks for our remarks.

AFTER stopping two nights in Beaver the elders journeyed to the next town, Minersville.

Brother Gentry came along with a load, but he made a place for us to sit on, and we went with him to Minersville; broke a spring on the way. Got to Brother Baker's and found the folks away. We went to Bishop Walker's and were kindly received. Had a good supper of bread and milk. My watch stopped for one hour and then went on all right. Retired at 9:15.

Thursday, September 24, was spent in Minersville.

Arose at 7:15 and cut some wood; the weather clear. Ate a hearty breakfast. Took a walk; saw Mina Dotson and was invited to call. Had a good day's reading. Studied my lessons. Wrote to Spencer Wallace and Lucy. Would like to see Lucy for a few minutes; hope that she is well. Held a meeting in the evening in a home that was not finished, and it was quite cold. Wonder if the young people will ever get awakened. Wilb has put on his overcoat. I am a little tougher. I haven't put mine on yet. I haven't got mine here.

The missionaries journeyed the next day to "Pancake or Greenville."

Arose at 7 o'clock and was surprised to see it raining. The people seemed anxious for us for we had to go to Pancake or Greenville. But we didn't worry. We just took it easy until they came for us, and by that time it had stopped raining.

Arriving in Greenville, the elders were taken to a home where they had a good dinner, but "the flies were awful. They tried to get into everything." Afterwards the missionaries went to a modest home where they were to stay overnight.

A meeting was held at Greenville in the evening which the elders attended.

We went to meeting on a hayrack, in company with two ladies and two gentlemen, and had a fine ride, though the mud was hub deep. We had a good meeting and a very good hand shaking after. We went

back on the hayrack and slept in the little room. The fleas got the best of the bargain.

The next afternoon the elders journeyed back to Beaver.

Greenville, Sept. 26th, '91. Arose early and took a skate through the mud. Waited until after dinner for a team to take us to Beaver. Had a pleasant ride to Beaver. Am bitten terribly with fleas all over. On one place on the calf of my leg, three inches square, I have fifteen bites. I have been bitten over eighty times on my legs.

He went straight to the post office on his arrival in Beaver.

I received five very welcome letters from Lucy. Had a nice sponge bath at Brother Maeser's. Stopped at Arthur Gentry's.

Two pleasant days, Sunday and Monday, September 27 and 28, were spent in Beaver.

Sunday, Sept. 27th, '91. Arose at 8 o'clock, feeling fine. My lips are swelling with cold sores. After breakfast we went to Sunday School. Went to afternoon meeting and I occupied thirty-five minutes. After dinner called on Brother Burt. The Y.M.M.I.A., meeting in the evening was well attended. I spoke 25 minutes. The choir was fine. Retired at ten o'clock.

And the next day:

Arose at 8 o'clock. After breakfast helped Miss Rawlins wash the dishes. Got a package from mother. Wrote to her. Wrote to Lucy. Had a fine dinner at Sister Gentry's. Went to the ward organization of the Y.M.M.I.A., and gave a little instruction. Had a pleasant chat afterwards at the house.

On Tuesday, September 29, the missionaries moved on to Paragoonah.

Beaver, Sept. 29th, '91. Arose at 6:45 and took a walk. Had brains and sweet bread for breakfast. Made arrangements for my washing while gone. An invitation from Milford is sent to us to come and lecture. Got the history of Barlow Ferguson. He taught school in Minersville in 1883. Was prosecuting attorney from 1885 to 1887 in Beaver. I feel a little uneasy about things at home. After dinner I studied until the stage came. When it came we found that it was only a buckboard, and with only one seat. The three of us occupied the seat for thirty-two miles, and I got very tired. Had a chat with the driver. His name was O'Donnell. I got a letter from Mother just as we were leaving Beaver. We got to Paragoonah at 7:30 p.m., and were met by James Ollerton, the superintendent's first counselor. I went to the post office and told them to stop my Parowan mail here. A little later I went and got a

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA.

The TEACHER AS COUNSELOR

By Dr. M. Lynn Bennion

SUPERINTENDENT, SALT LAKE CITY PUBLIC SCHOOLS



A TEACHER may be ever so brilliant, well-trained, and yet lack the qualities that are necessary in an adviser. I have in mind a teacher who was all wrapped up in laboratory experiments with rats. He suffered from insomnia and was a slave. His rats thrived exceedingly, but his students felt sadly neglected.

Other teachers may be vitally interested in subject matter, but the individual student receives attention only when he is extremely stupid or noticeably bright, or when his behavior is out of line with the *status quo*. Obviously, it takes less skill to teach the content of a manual than to give helpful guidance to individuals. It is one thing to be immersed in facts, and it is another thing to give guidance to growing life.

We shall be concerned in this article, not with the medical and psychological training necessary to deal with abnormal people, but with those human characteristics which enable teachers to win the friendship and confidence of students. No technique is so rare as that of getting along successfully with other people. Every emotion and function of life demands it. The following questions might help the teacher to evaluate his power to succeed in this matter:

1. Can I get along with other members of my family?
2. Am I loved and respected by others?
3. Do I contribute to the welfare of others?
4. Do I shy away from people?
5. Are social contacts painful?

THE following incident illustrates what it means to get along with people: A mother, sitting in her home, sewing, watched her big thirteen-year-old boy come bounding into the room. "Mom, I pulled a boner." "What did you do, Bob?" "I kicked a football through the

church window." "Did you try to do it?" "No, if I had, I would have missed it." Both laughed, though the boy's lips quivered.

"Guess I'll have to go up and tell the bishop," he said. "That would be the thing to do," replied his mother. "I'll tell him that I'll fix it tomorrow." "If you do that, it will be all right." That mother was skilful. She understood the laws of growth and the meaning of life. Her son will open his heart to her as long as they both live.

A teacher who would guide must freely admit his own limitation in knowledge and skill.

A teacher must be able as objectively to admit to himself that he was wrong in his attitude or interpretation as he expects his students to be in regard to his own behavior.

An honest and intelligent student at the end of a ten day college conference said that the thing that had meant most to her was the willingness of the leaders to admit that they did not know what to do in the midst of the complicated social issues with which they were faced. This meant to her that she need no longer feel isolated in her sense of inadequacy, but she could feel the comradeship of working with others whom she could trust at many points where her own knowledge and experience were less complete. In a world which is unfinished, where no one knows the exact or even the approximate answer to many questions, he can best help who can face his rational and emotional limitations with confidence instead of fear; with honesty, instead of evasion. There is a special need to be cautious about teachers, who as counselors, use labels for conduct, who expect they must find certain conduct patterns. In dealing with individuals, it is necessary to recognize the uniqueness of each

person's problems, and reserve all judgments and diagnosis.

Jesus was a model counselor. Individuals were drawn close to him, and his love and understanding drew him close to them. One could almost write the story of Jesus' life by recounting those instances when he came into intimate contact with individual persons.

His personal interview with Zacchaeus is one of the most illuminating pictures in the Bible. Jesus was going along the way when he saw a man hanging on the limb of a tree. What did he say to the man? He could have said, "You robber of the poor, you degenerate," but he didn't. Instead, "Zacchaeus, come down, for I wish to dine at your house," that is what the world's greatest counselor said. Why? Because here was a human soul; one that would respond to sympathetic and understanding leadership.

We have a right to be curious, to know what went on behind that scene. The guest and the host must have had a glorious fellowship. Something happened to the host, for when the dinner was over, he went and paid all he owed, repaid all those he had cheated, and threw in something extra. He went and gave the remainder of all he had to the poor.

There were times when Jesus did not show much patience; times when his words cut deep. He had little patience with hypocrites. Perhaps the reason was they could not be helped until they desired the right. So long as an individual is dishonest with himself, no one can help him. Such people need to be told the truth plainly. They may become very

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HOW THE DESERT WAS TAMED

A Lesson for Today and Tomorrow

PART IV

CHAPTER 7—IN UNION IS STRENGTH

THE work before the pioneers was Herculean. Past methods of settlement would have to be abandoned or modified. The question was one of the survival of a group, not of an occasional individual. The conquest of the desert could not be accomplished unless all worked together for the common cause—unless each one helped everyone. It was “one for all, and all for one.” No one person or family could live to himself or for himself. Individuals and families were but parts of a group in the sometimes fierce battle for victory.

For such cooperation the pioneers were well prepared. Deep in their philosophy of life, in their impelling beliefs, lay the doctrine that men were pre-existent brothers and sisters, children of God placed on earth for a specific purpose, their unending progress. It would then be the business of each individual to achieve that purpose for himself; and also the concern of all who are on the way to achievement, to assist him. Salvation became not only a personal affair, but in addition a cooperative enterprise, first between the individual and God, then between the individual and the assisting group. That really meant love of man for man, the governing law of Jesus the Christ. In the faith that drove the pioneers westward, love among men, and love for God, was the basic principle of action. It was always taught that the best way to love God was to give practical help to God's children, to love them.

Early in their history, the principle of cooperation had been taught them in large terms. A system had been presented for their acceptance, which while partly communal, preserved individual rights and ownership and freedom of life. This they had tried out and found good. But, the weaknesses of members had led to a temporary suspension of the order. The principle of the system, in the form of cooperation, had been retained, and had always been in full operation, as an obligation upon the people.

The organization of every company for the journey across the plains, especially in ox team days, was done with full respect to the benefit of the individual. The group could not escape

responsibility for the welfare of the members, whether high or low. Yet the individual was not in any way restrained within the rules of the company. He could go along or remain behind. But if he went along, he must be mindful of the others. The journey was strictly a cooperative enterprise.

When the Salt Lake valley was reached, it became necessary to distribute lands among the pioneers. Individuals were not allowed to rush, selfishly, to claim the locations that appeared to be the best. Instead, the problem was treated as a group concern, in which every individual should have equal rights. Limitations were placed upon areas that could be secured, and the assignments made by lot. It was the best that could be done then, but it curbed selfishness which is incompatible with cooperation.

IRRIGATION became the first large concern in the semi-arid valley of settlement. Irrigation, in turn, required canals. Each landowner could not dig his own canal. That was out of the question. There was no money for hiring workmen. Cooperation or no canal was the answer. All landowners under the canal would have to participate in the digging of the canal. It was splendid training in living together.

So, Andrew King, miner from Scotland, came to Salt Lake City nearly barefoot, for he had walked across the plains. Those in authority suggested he go to Cache valley where settlements were being founded. There, the bishop, as temporal advisor, pointed out a ten-acre plot on which he might settle. But, water was needed for irrigation. A canal was being dug above the farm leading all the way from the intake at the canyon stream. Five rods of canal was King's allotment for his farm. With a borrowed pick and shovel he filled his assignment. All the other water users did the same. Soon water was available. Brother King spent his life on his little farm, reared his family there, and was a good citizen of state and church. Through the pioneer canal still runs crystal clear water for the pioneer farms now being cultivated by pioneer grandchildren.

DURING the hard, pioneer years, proselyting was being carried on in many lands. The converts were eager to join their fellow be-



By Dr. John A. Widtsoe
OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

lievers in the valleys of the West. At home they were held in contempt for having become "Mormons." Many of them were young, poor, and unable to meet the expenses of the journey over sea and land. Therefore, the Church, that is, its membership, established the Perpetual Emigration Fund. To it the people contributed in small amounts; the money was lent to individuals for emigration purposes; the loans were repaid to the fund, then lent again. Thus it became in reality a perpetual fund. When the whole group cooperated in this manner, no one really felt the sacrifice. And the warmth of gratitude by those so helped continued through life.

As the years passed, commerce within the Basin increased. The merchants, who properly were entitled to profits, often took advantage of the remoteness of the place, to increase prices. To meet the situation, the toiling settlers set up a cooperative institution, with headquarters in Salt Lake City, and branches in the settlements everywhere. The stock was owned by the people, and all profits went to them. Until the venture ended, upon the influx of people not of their faith, it was highly successful. The parent store in Salt Lake City, Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institution, is reported to be the first department store in the United States, therefore, probably, in the world.

The practice of cooperation not only helped the pioneers directly, but also enlarged their souls and made them more useful in all their affairs in which dealings with other men were involved.

The world needs today more than anything else, the unselfish spirit which makes cooperation possible.

CHAPTER 8—"WASTE NOT, WANT NOT"

THE pioneers paid a heavy price in toil for their sustenance. Rations were often short while the land was being cleared of sagebrush and prepared for cultivation. And the rations were not much larger in the early cropping days. A calico dress was a notable venture in fashion in those days. John C. Sharp used to tell of the long process of saving up five dollars, dime by dime, for a pair of shoes for his wife who was nearly barefoot; and once, in faith, he gave the money to help Apostle Or-

son Pratt. And, he added, it was the best investment he ever made.

A grain of wheat had double value in those days. It furnished food, first of all. It could also be converted, by exchange, into houses, outbuildings, farm and home utensils, clothes, and occasional recreation—such, for example, as attending general conference sometimes three hundred miles away. Its increased value came, however, because it was scarce. The pioneers lived on scant rations.

Besides, as the years went on, there remained the memory of the early days when famine threatened the people. The story of the rescue by the seagulls was kept in mind. Every householder felt at ease only when his granary contained a supply of food for at least two years. A surplus must be had to face the vicissitudes of life, the ever-changing years. This practice has been carried down through the years. Recently it has appeared as a guiding principle in the so-called welfare program of the Church. The world needs to observe this practice.

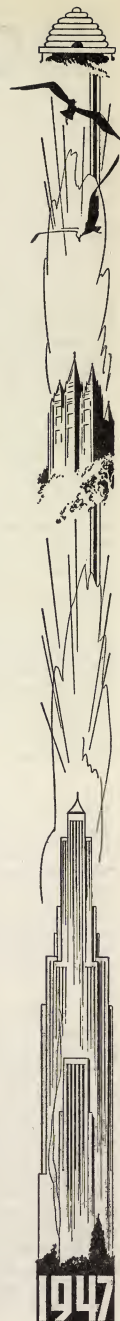
Naturally, it became an ingrained habit to conserve everything of value. Waste was classed among the sins. Unwise use of one's possessions was held in contempt. Using every effort in the battle with wind and weather, the care of the least and last of that produced, and the wise, frugal use of it, became a duty. The hard-earned income must be used only for food or things of comfort or beauty to enhance the joy of living. The old proverb, "Waste not; want not," was given a religious import.

Sister Larsen tells how as a girl she gleaned the wheat fields, with other girls. Sister Steerforth relates that they ground up the little grain they could spare in a rough little mill on City Creek, and that she wore out a precious veil she had brought along, in sifting the flour, but that they were glad to use the bran and all before the next harvest. Food was too scarce to be lost. And thrift was too important a principle to allow the fallen grain to remain unused.

Likewise, to spend before receiving, to go in debt, was completely out of harmony with their life philosophy. Each man lived within his income, and accordingly, he did not gamble upon the uncertainties of the future, by borrowing food, things, or money.

However, the pioneers did not hug thrift to their bosoms with blurred eyes. They recognized that thrift was concerned with more than things produced. They saw with a clearer vision that the spirit of real thrift preceded production. This also was of common consideration among the people.

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HOLE IN THE ROCK

By Anna Prince Redd

SYNOPSIS

IN 1879, the call to open a new Indian mission in southern Utah came to the men and women of Cedar City—and was variously received. Kumen Jones had always felt that he would be called to such a mission. His mother, Sage Treharne Jones, knew that the parting was inevitable. But to Mary, wife of Kumen, it at first seemed unbearable. Silas Smith, Kumen Jones, and George Brigham Hobbs were called as president, Indian interpreter, and chief scout, for the expedition by John Taylor, President of the Church. In addition, twenty-four young men and two families were called for the exploring party. This company included members from Parowan and Paragonah as well as those from Cedar City.

To Mary, the month of September was to be treasured—against the new venture into a strange country. She felt a new tenderness for Sage Treharne, who would be left desolate with Kumen's departure. And Kumen, too, felt regret that they must leave their settled life, but more than the regret was the urge to go to San Juan—"the most beautiful place men will ever see—and the most dangerous."

CHAPTER IV

BY the end of September the feats of the scouting expedition had become town history. After building log houses for the Harriman and Davis families who had been left at Fort Montezuma, the scouts planted crops, dug canals from the Montezuma Creek to the small farms, and then returned home.

Not wanting to endure again the hardships of the route they had explored, they chose to return by a road that led north into the settled areas of Utah. This made it possible for Silas Smith to leave the company at the crossroads and go directly to Salt Lake to make his report to the leaders of the Church. He assured them that San Juan was tenable and that a road could be built into it. He passed over the hazards of the trip, avoiding any mention of the hostility of the Indian chiefs.

Highly gratified, the Church leaders, realizing the importance of set-

tling so large and rich an area, voted an increased allotment of machinery and equipment to help outfit the main company.

At home in Cedar City, Silas gave a glowing account of the expedition, praising the fertility of the soil, the grandeur of the scenery, and the wealth he was sure lay in the hills. "The country is virgin!" he cried at the first town meeting after his return. "I tell you there's no place equal to it! There's grass up to a horse's belly! The Lord just saved the place for such a time as this!"

A shout went up. It grew till it shook the rafters of the church. Every male voice in the audience cheered and cheered. Silas was gratified, but he was too shrewd a leader not to note the absence of enthusiasm on the part of the women. The memory of other years of pioneering, of other weary weeks of living in covered wagons, of cooking over smoking fires, was in their eyes. To them, a roof meant life; the gold in a broad field of ripe wheat was comforting, sustainingly sure. Silas felt the weight of his responsibility. There were times, he reflected, when even religious fervor would not sustain the burdens of this people. The cooperation of the women was essential to the success of the mission, as it is of any mission. They must be inspired to do more than merely accept their lot. Perhaps if his wife, had a party. . . . His eyes twinkled. "Women are the beatinest creatures!" he chuckled. "Get them to havin' a good time, and they'll need no further convertin'." He must see about the party. By ten o'clock tomorrow morning his wife would have things moving in the right direction.

The meeting adjourned, and Silas went home happy.

THE days passed into a month, with the problem of the mission still before the people. The date had been set—October 17, 1879—but no

names had been called. With the knowledge of experience behind them, any family in town could have been ready to start, on a twenty-four hour notice. All anyone needed was the confirmation that his or her name had been called.

There was little excitement when the meeting for naming the company was finally called. Silas S. Smith was re-named president, with Platt DeAlton Lyman of Oak City, first counselor, and Jense Nielson of Cedar City, second counselor. In addition were a clerk, a chaplain, a chorister, and more than two hundred and fifty people!

At the pronouncement of the names there was pleased acknowledgment throughout the audience. My, wouldn't Aunt Elsie be proud of her 'Yense' now! And who was this Mr. Lyman with the high-sounding name? They knew the Redds and the Paces who had been called from New Harmony: any company would be the better for their membership. The Deckers, the Bayleses from Parowan, the Perkins brothers of their own town—all these were fine. The members called from up-state were all strangers, and there was pleased speculation as to what kind of folk they would prove to be.

The waiting and uncertainty were over! The congregation was jubilant. No more delays, no more talk, they'd just get ready and be on their way!

But would they? A stir of surprise rippled over the audience. An impressively dignified man was walking hurriedly up the aisle, and it was evident from his bearing that he had business of the utmost importance to present to the authorities. No one knew him. No one had seen him come in. There was a moment of respectful attention followed by an unmistakable seepage of unrest. What now? Who was this man to come unannounced into their meeting?

Frequent nods of approval from the authorities held the audience to an expectant hush, waiting.

The suspense seemed interminable. There was the cry of an awestruck child, quickly soothed to silence by its anxious parent. Breathing was almost suspended, held to the minimum by the portentous expectancy that gripped the people, waiting.

The stake president arose, stood for a moment without speaking,

weighing the temper of his townsmen. Then he said evenly: "My brothers and sisters, the stranger in our midst is Bishop Andrew Schow of Escalante." He paused, but there was no answering, responsive stir from the audience, only a straining forward with eyes and ears that must see and hear what was to come. Bishop Schow was smiling as he stood beside the stake president.

"Bishop Schow has come all the way from Escalante, horseback, over the mountains, to acquaint us with a new—and a shorter route to San Juan!" The stake president's announcement was pointedly agitated, an emotion that spread to the audience. "The leaders will confer with Bishop Schow at further length," he continued. "You will be informed of the decision reached. After prayer this meeting will stand adjourned!"

One of the counselors dismissed the meeting. The audience filed out

of the building. There was not a word spoken. . . .

FOR five days the officers and Bishop Schow were closeted, five days in which no word went out to the anxious people. Then it was announced that Silas Smith had gone to Salt Lake City to confer with the Church leaders. The people were to be patient. They were to be ready to leave for San Juan on a day's notice.

Silas made the two hundred and fifty mile trip from Cedar to Salt Lake in four days, and took only three days for the return—a record run! Red-eyed and gaunt, he stood before his company and told them that the route proposed by Bishop Schow had been accepted by the Church Authorities. He assured them that the new route was less arduous than the one followed by the scouting party, and that it would save not only time and money, but that it would eliminate four hundred miles of road building also.

"I bring you the blessings and assurance of the Church leaders," he said in closing.

Returning to Cedar with Silas was

a young scout from Escalante, James Collett, who had come by request to acquaint the company with the details of the route. Following Silas' report, Collett talked long and in glowing terms of the possibilities for developing the new route, and of the advantages it afforded. Escalante, he said, was on the fringe of the Escalante Desert, a beautiful level country that would pose no difficulties. It ended at the Colorado River gorge, where a natural fissure in the ledge would, with a little work, furnish egress to the river.

The meeting was an unsatisfactory one. The people went to their homes more restless and dissatisfied than before. The only satisfaction they could see in any of it was that they would start for the much talked-of desert within twenty-four hours. There had been too many delays and too much talk! Go how or where they must, they wanted to get started.

LEAVING the meetinghouse, Stanford and Arabella Smith, Kumen and Mary walked together in the early October twilight, talking earnestly.

"That man, Collett," Stanford grumbled, "talked as though the Moen Copie road had been used since Methuselah! You'd never think it had just been discovered—and by our very own scouts!"

"Part of Collett's talk," Kumen reminded Stanford, "ties in with Captain Smith's report. I was on that expedition, and I know what we encountered. This new way seems to be the solution to at least part of our problem—road building."

Stanford mumbled a dissent, but Kumen went on. "I agree, Stanford, that there is a lot no one knows anything about, but since we have to go, we may as well gamble on the chance to make it easier for ourselves."

"I've had a strong feeling against the change in route, right from the start, Kumen. I don't want to put myself in the position of a doubting Thomas, but I honestly think we are making a mistake. Collett doesn't seem to know what he is talking about."

"He was pretty vague, I'll admit," Kumen agreed.

"I've seen the Colorado River gorge, Kumen," Stanford went on earnestly. "And I've talked with Seth Tanner about it. He says he

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Proprieties in PRAYER

By Elder Francis M. Lyman

From an address delivered in M.I.A.
Conference, June 5, 1892, and
published in "The Contributor"
the following July

EDITORIAL NOTE

FOR nearly fifty years *The Improvement Era* in more than forty-five thousand pages, and its predecessor, *The Contributor* in its sixteen years of publication and four thousand pages, have proclaimed the restored gospel. Because many of the articles printed have lasting significance, the editors believe a new generation of readers will appreciate the reprinting of a selected few throughout this centennial year of the Church and the semi-centennial of the *Era*.

OUR Savior, in his Sermon on the Mount, said:

And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.

Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him.

After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen. (Matthew 6:5-13.)

Latter-day Saints, I presume, have learned to feel and appreciate the importance of prayer, equally to any other people. But like the Saints in the days of the Savior, we sometimes need some suggestions to aid us in our family prayers, in our prayers for opening and closing meetings of various kinds, our prayers in the blessing of the sacrament, and our prayers in ordaining and confirming. There are a great variety of prayers that the elders of Israel are expected to offer up day after day. In a revelation given to Brother Joseph, the Lord announced that those who did not attend to their prayers in due season, should be had in remembrance before the common judge.

Family prayers should be attended to in every household, and in these prayers, as in all others, we should remember the injunction of the Savior, that we should not do as the heathen do, indulge in vain repetition, or feel that we are to be heard because of our much speaking.

Prayers should be offered under the direction and inspiration of the Almighty. Every elder in Israel, should learn to subject himself to the Spirit of the Lord, in all his prayers, and in all the ordinances of the gospel.

Prayers should be offered under the direction and inspiration of the Almighty.

A prayer should be suited to the occasion.

Avoid vain repetitions, particularly the repetition of the name of Deity.

Let your prayers be unto the Lord.

It is not necessary to offer very long and tedious prayers.

The morning prayer should be suited to the circumstances and conditions of the family, whatever they are. The circumstances of the family differ from morning to morning and from evening to evening, almost as much as our meetings vary. And it is quite suitable that when we meet together, for the transaction of business in the interests of the Saints of God, and the interests of the king-

dom, we should offer up a prayer to the Lord, and ask his blessings upon us in our labor, and in our counsel. It would not be suitable, of course, for us to offer up a business prayer in the opening of a conference, or in the opening of a ward or a priesthood meeting. A prayer should be suited to the occasion, just as we suit an ordination to the circumstances.

WE learn something of the proprieties in regard to these things by the examples that have been set. When John the Baptist ordained the Prophet Joseph and Oliver to the Aaronic Priesthood, he used these words: "Upon you my fellow servants, in the name of Messiah I confer the Priesthood of Aaron." These were the words of the ordination. True, he said a few words of instruction, and informed them in regard to the nature of the priesthood and how long it should remain upon the earth; but when he said these words, those men were ordained. . . .

In confirming after baptism, it is only necessary that the candidates be confirmed members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and that the brother officiating confer upon them the Holy Ghost, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen. These are the words that are necessary, and when this is done, a man is confirmed. . . .

We have fallen into the habit of offering very long, tedious prayers, on the heads of persons who are baptized and are being confirmed members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. This should not be done. We ought to confirm them and then stop and leave the patriarchal blessing to the patriarch.

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Wrapped in CELLOPHANE

By LAPREE CHRISTENSEN

HAVE any of you young men ever been sent to purchase a personal article for a young lady? If you have, you will understand how a certain sailor on leave in a large city felt when he received a letter from his sister requesting him to buy some items for her. It wasn't until his leave was nearly over that he mustered the courage to set forth on his unusual pilgrimage.

As he approached the store, he noticed that the show windows were filled with displays of lingerie. Reluctantly he entered and slowly made his way to the lingerie counter where people stood handling the different items and picking them over. A clerk looked up, smiled, and asked if she might help him. He eyed the counter again, sighed, blushed, paused a moment, then asked, "Don't you have any wrapped in cellophane?" "You bet, we do!" she answered, and got them for him.

You may be wondering just what the point of this story is. It is this: Just as that sailor didn't want these things that had been picked over by everyone and displayed for all to see, neither does a boy want a girl for *his* girl who has been handled by everyone and displayed to the world. He wants *his* girl "wrapped in cellophane."

Yes, a man admires a real woman,—and boys, girls admire true manliness. And they have every bit as much right to demand cleanliness in the boy they marry as does the boy in demanding chastity in the girl he marries!

THIS is a delicate subject, I know; one that is generally carefully skirted, but one I'm sure that we have all thought about a great deal.

Everyone's life, I believe, is his own to live as he sees fit. But the weighing of values is always worth while. It is so much better to warn ourselves, "I shouldn't do that," than to be obliged to say later on, "I wish I hadn't done that!"

It never quite makes sense to me when girls excuse something they have done by saying, "I was swept off my feet." Usually, by one feminine device or another we ask for just about what we get. Boys aren't

likely to sweep us off our feet without some encouragement. And remember, girls, regardless of what a man may say to you, he will never in his heart respect you if you have made yourselves cheap.

That goes for you young men too. It just never makes sense when a boy says, "Yes, I had a little fling on the side, but it doesn't spoil my affection for you." That's ridiculous! If his affection is so great, why does he want to spoil it for the girl?

All this takes self-discipline, and self-discipline is hard; but the dividends are decidedly worth while. It makes us strong! And those who are strong always have a better chance of finding happiness and hanging on to it, than do the self-indulgent and weak. Moral slumping is always easy, and moral bracing is always hard. Consistently choosing to follow the "path of least resistance makes men and rivers crooked."

There is a vast difference between the exploitation of another, which is wrong, unhealthful, and selfish—and a deep sincerity of feeling, which is most surely right, if guided and controlled by reason. It is this honest affection for another which more than any other one thing gives beauty and meaning to living. It is something for which all souls cry out, but which few really know. It is a prize beyond the realm of the selfish.

MANY an otherwise superior young man, feeling conscious of his superiority, believing that all he has to do is offer himself to the finest girl of his acquaintance, believes that she will jump at the opportunity to acquire such a good husband. He soon learns that superior girls do not respond in this way. In the first place, she knows her own value and does not propose to cheapen herself by giving herself away too easily; in the second place, she demands more in a mate; and in the third place, competition for such a girl is keener.

When a man marries, he chooses a wife; a girl must select not only a

LAPREE CHRISTENSEN of Marysville, Idaho, recently won the annual Heber J. Grant Oratorical Contest at Brigham Young University. The contest is sponsored by Lucy Grant Cannon, President Grant's daughter. This winning oration is a challenge to youth for clean and better living.

husband but also a standard of living. The whole scale of her existence for the rest of her life will depend on what caliber of man she is able to marry. So the girl who is determined to succeed in marriage, and in life, will do something more than be idle on the front porch reading confession magazines; and she will have something more on her mind than just to "get a man."

A boy and a girl who are honestly and sincerely determined to succeed in marriage, will first think the right kind of thoughts. They will use judgment in the choosing of friends and associates. They will never trade an old friend for a new. (One never has too many friends.) They will be observing; learning from the experiences of others. They will be honest, first with themselves. Honesty begins there, after all. They will try to make of themselves the kind of person they would choose as a friend if they were limited to but one companion.

They will learn the facts of life and be prepared to meet them unafraid. Girls should learn well the art of homemaking; young men, that of earning a livelihood.

But most of all, you young people, all of you, always—think straight! Be strong! Remember your God and his commandments. Remember the hopes and prayers of your parents. Don't let them down! Remember the teachings of your Church. Remember your standards and the standards of society. Keep those standards high! And remember, it is you and I who are going to be held responsible for this world of tomorrow. And we cannot build a strong, secure future on a foundation of shambles with broken, crumbling materials and worn-out tools. So keep your tools bright and shiny, your material whole, your foundation firm. And in the words of our Lord:

... let virtue garnish thy thoughts unceasingly; then shall thy confidence wax strong in the presence of God; ... (D. & C.

April 6, 1853: A MID-ATLANTIC CELEBRATION

By WILLIAM MULDER

SIX ROUNDS of musketry hailed April 6, 1853, as "an auspicious day" aboard the good ship *International* as, with sails trimmed to make the most of fair weather, she slogged through Atlantic seas toward New Orleans at a satisfying ten knots. She was forty-five days out from Liverpool, where, at Stanley Dock, she had taken on an unusual passenger load: 419 Latter-day Saints from England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales bound for Zion. They had come aboard with their boxes and bedding, stood inspection by the government agents, made last-minute purchases, and by the time the vessel was towed into the River Mersey and cast anchor for a fair wind, they had already called a meeting of the priesthood "to counsel for the best means to be employed for the comfort of the Saints."

They had organized themselves into a little community. Under the general presidency of Elders Arthur, Lyon, and Waddington, their eighty-eight berths had been divided into six wards with presidents appointed over them according to seniority to look after cleanliness and conduct, the foremost concerns of body and spirit. Even before the ship stood out to sea, life in the emigrant community had gone full circle: three babies had been born and two of the company had died; and, before they found their sea legs, not a few had been badly bruised when the uncertain lurching of the vessel spilled them down hatchways or sent them stumbling into the cumbersome deck gear that seemed to be everywhere underfoot. Two brethren carrying a barrel of brine up the hatchway had come to near disaster when at the top of the ladder both fell, as well as barrel and ladder, to the steerage landing; but, "marvelous to relate, although the place was crowded with people, none were hurt."

THE company had held daily meetings (three on Sundays) for prayer and fellowship, often at



tended by captain and crew, where ward presidents made their report; and where, amid testimony-bearing, there was much speaking in tongues and prophesying. Just as often, the exhortation took a practical turn: the lamps would have to be put farther from the berths to prevent fire; dogs would have to be tied up at night; during storm, women and children were not to leave their bunks.

"Four hundred Saints," sang Henry Maiben on this April 6th, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle":

... four hundred Saints
Assembled here together;
Resolved to do the will of God,
Whate'er the wind and weather.

That resolve had not gone untried, for there had been bad days and nights when heavy squalls had turned the vessel nearly on her beam ends, and the company had been closed under hatches to ride out the gale and to battle with luggage broken loose and rolling about in the center of the steerage, knock-

ing down the hapless passengers, smashing pots and pans, and scattering personal gear about, beyond hope of recovery. In storm there had been fasting and supplication; in calm weather, praise and thanksgiving—and opportunity to sew or knit or practise musical instruments or pick oakum, simply to while away the time.

But all the storm had been of the sea: the company itself had been remarkably well-dispositioned. Ward presidents could usually report that "all were in good standing, no sickness, quarreling, nor complaints of any kind." Occasionally someone had been baptized "for his health." Once there had been "much ado about cooking," but the galley dispute had been amicably settled, and Clerk Sims could record, "Quietness after dinner."

TO Captain David Brown (of Massachusetts, and "tarnation 'cute, sir") there had never been such a company. He had crossed the sea many times but had never felt so happy with any people as he had with the Latter-day Saints. The Saints in turn had found the good skipper "a comfortable man," and in the diary of the voyage¹ it was noted that "he felt he should be one of us before he reached New Orleans, as he was convinced that the work we were engaged in was from God." Calle Westerlind, the ship's Swedish carpenter, had already been baptized, as had the captain's cook and several sailors. In his verse composed for the April 6th festival, Henry Maiben cited:

... twenty-five baptisms.
Likewise (to-day) four marriages,
But no such thing as schisms.

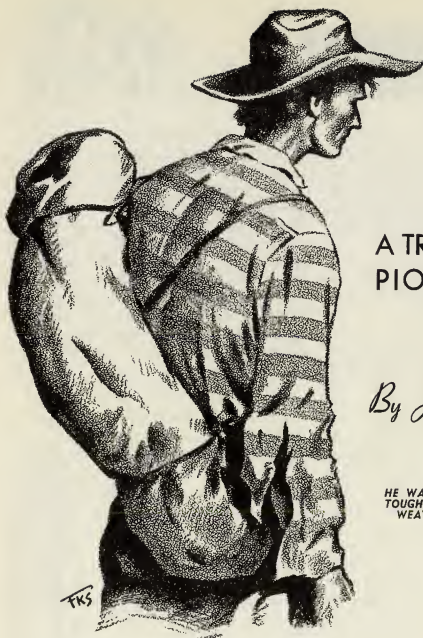
It seemed natural for captain and crew to join with the Saints in their celebration.

The musket salute "at half past nine" was only the beginning of a

¹A copy of the "Diary of a Voyage from Liverpool to New Orleans on Board the Ship *International*" may be found in the scrapbook of John Lyon, now in possession of T. Edgar Lyon of Salt Lake City, a grandson.

(Concluded on page 254)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



COURAGE to ENDURE

A TRUE STORY OF PIONEER DAYS

By J. N. Washburn

HE WAS LEAN AND LANKY,
TOUGH FROM WIND AND
WEATHER, AND HUNGRY.

ON the twenty-fourth day of July in the year 1847 a little company of stalwart men and women drew wearily through the mountain gap and into the scorched valley of the great salt sea. A vivid imagination perhaps can picture the scene upon which they entered: the glare of the western sun upon the sand and alkali, the depressing uniform grayness, even of the living things, of which sage was the most plentiful, the heat waves that worried the eye, perhaps an occasional hawk cruising overhead!

It required more than courage to face that prospect with a view to making a home there. The one thing more it required, those pioneers had—vision! They could see more than was revealed to the physical eye on that desolate day. They probably could see what we can see today: a commonwealth of beauty, prosperity, and peace, a civilization of which the entire country can well be proud. From this little story about one of those pioneers, you will learn why they faced the future, apparently so bleak, with such determination.

IN the group that entered Salt Lake valley that day of July 24th was a young man, just twenty years old. He was lean and lanky, tough from wind and weather, and hungry.

It shouldn't take long to describe his clothes because he hadn't many. There is no record of any covering for his head though he must have had something. On his feet he wore ragged and badly-scuffed moccasins. His shirt was made of a piece of bedticking. I'm sure he wore the first stripes in Salt Lake, although he was never inside a jail in his life. It was his trousers that deserve notice. They were such pants as you have never worn, probably never even seen. They were made of buckskin. Every time he forded one of the numerous rivers along the way, his pants lengthened out. However, when he pulled his ox teams into the valley, the last river was far behind. The sun and heat had had "a go" at those trousers, and they had shrunk, literally crawled up his legs.

Well, there he was, a pioneer—and something more! As he stood there, Heber C. Kimball turned suddenly to him and could not hold back the laugh that came to his throat. A moment later he became

sober and said, "George, you are a sorry-looking spectacle." Then he raised his hand and added, "I prophesy that you will buy clothing here on the streets of Salt Lake City cheaper than you could in New York City." Some time later George actually did.

NOT LONG after the arrival in the valley, President Young sent that young man with nine others to go back along the trail and help the company of Charles C. Rich, then making slow progress across the plains. These ten men started out with nine pounds of flour and four pounds of cornmeal each. They drove wagons and teams with which to transport part of the belongings of the emigrants when at last they should come upon them.

They had not been long upon the backward trail before their food supply became exhausted. The springs had dried, and for days they had neither food nor water. Still they moved on, at a snail's pace. Stopping was worse than continuing the helpless struggle. They were sustained by such faith and courage as empire builders have always had. Only that could keep them going.

ONE DAY George said, "I am the strongest in the company. I will go out to see if I can find something to eat. The rest of you keep going, and in two days I will meet you at the Platte River. When I get there, I will have something for you to eat."

He shouldered his rifle and set out across the hills and plains. His thirst was indescribable. Think of the torture that must have been his, the drying and shriveling of the tissues, the aching and agony of the stomach, the constriction and pain of the throat, the dizziness and reeling. All this he experienced to an unbelievable degree, but he kept moving, just moving.

Suddenly he came upon a pool of

(Concluded on page 240)

ON THE BOOKRACK



THE GREAT SALT LAKE

(Dale L. Morgan. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. 377 pages. 1947. \$3.50.)

WHETHER the Great Salt Lake is viewed as a unique natural phenomenon or the center of an equally unique human story, it is interesting and romantic. In this book, the usual chemical, physical, and geologic facts concerning the lake, are correctly presented, but so skillfully interwoven with the story of people as to make the facts savory and the lake a living entity, even to a tyro in science or history. The bulk of the book deals with human experiences, collected with care from all available sources, on the islands of the lake, and in the surrounding country. Indeed, as the story is pursued, it becomes a most excellent history of pre-pioneer days in the West. As a picture of personalities among explorers and trappers before white man began to settle in the Great Basin, the book is quite worth while. Nearly one-half of the book is devoted to life in the region of the lake after the "Mormon" Pioneers entered the valley of the Great Salt Lake. In this recital, as in that of the earlier period, a wealth of incidents, most of them forgotten in this age, is revived, romantic, pitiful, and humorous, but always told in an informative and interesting manner. These later chapters form a very respectable history of the state of Utah and of the Church in Utah. The author has wisely contented himself with the presentation of facts, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions as to motives and forces in operation. However, at the end of the book, there is an attempt to evaluate present-day Utah conditions, which shows an incomplete understanding of the spiritual "cement" which holds the Latter-day Saints together as firmly now as in the past.

The book as a whole is an excellent contribution to the literature of the West, and the only one that tells the story of the Great Salt Lake within a framework of men and women all striving for their own brand of happiness. It is so written as to be fascinating reading. That the author knows the lake and the region surrounding it, is felt in every chapter. One cannot help wonder why this book was not written many years ago.

The bibliography supplied is good, though the valuation of some items cannot be accepted. Werner's biography of Brigham Young is an insult to the Pioneer leader. Stegner's *Mormon Country* is not "superb," for the author

did not really know the country. Brodie's *No Man Knows My History* is not "brilliant," for it is based on an unproven hypothesis, and Whipple's effusions no one takes very seriously. But in such matters every man has the right to his own opinions.—J. A. W.

PAHUTE INDIAN LEGENDS

(William R. Palmer. Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City. 134 pages. \$1.75.)

It has long been hoped that some of the author's intimate, personal Indian lore would appear in book form. These legends are a worthy beginning. The twenty-six genuine Indian stories here told in modern English, beautifully illustrated, are a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the mind of the North American Indian. Besides, the stories are good, captivating reading, to be enjoyed by young and old. Even the case-hardened reader will be tempted to discover why rocks cannot talk or how the beaver lost his tail or why the North Star stands still, or how the pack rat got his patches. There are an interesting introduction and a useful glossary of Indian names.—J. A. W.

THE GUATEMALAN PETROGLYPHS, THE NEPHITE STORY OR FROM WHENCE CAME THE AZTECS

(James W. LeSueur. Mesa, Arizona. 1946. \$1.25.)

THIS booklet relates Indian legends and traditions, well authenticated, that appear to confirm the Book of Mormon story; and undertakes to show that the famous Boturini Codex of the *Peregrinacion de las Aztecas* is really an account of the travels of Father Lehi and his descendants as recorded in the Book of Mormon. It is really a missionary booklet. The stories and the interpretation of the codex will interest all Book of Mormon students; though, necessarily, the latter must for the present be held as the author's private opinion. In this, as in his earlier book, Brother LeSueur has collected much faith-promoting material.—J. A. W.

DEATH VALLEY AND ITS COUNTRY

(George Palmer Putnam. Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York. 231 pages.)

WHETHER from the East or the West, lovers of nature's wonders should read this delightful book about the "most fabulous" of the desert places of America. The valley with its long geologic history is correctly described, its native plants and animals, and the Indians who have learned to subsist

there. It also recounts the human history of the valley, its invasion by white people, and the consequent tragedies and comedies. Death Valley Scotty, his castle and his Munchausen tales are given proper dissection. The quiet, rich humor which pervades the twenty-one short chapters, especially the indigenous stories told, makes it entertaining. For the prospective traveler there is an excellent appendix suggesting trips in and around the valley, with many helpful hints to the traveler.—J. A. W.

SONGS OF COURAGE

(Helen Kimball Orgill. Hobson Book Press, New York. 1946. 43 pages. \$1.25.)

MRS. ORGILL autographed many of her books: "Courage, the need of the hour," and her poems in this book indicate the way soldiers attained real courage, and how we too may learn from these valiant men and women the way of courage. Foremost of the qualities that impart true courage are humility as evidenced in prayer, the spirit of sacrifice, integrity, and adherence to truth.

The poems are genuine expressions of a capable writer.—M. C. J.

MY PICTURE BOOK OF SONGS

(Alene Dalton, Muriel Ashton, Erla Young. M. A. Donohue & Co., New York. 1947. 60 pages. \$2.50.)

CHILDREN have a natural sense of music and rhythm and will find a great deal of pleasure in singing and acting these little songs which have been beautifully published in color with many full page illustrations. Seasonal songs will find a quick response from both parents and children as well as teachers. Activity, animal, and health songs are also fitted into the seasonal pattern so that they appeal. The index is also unusually executed.—M.C.J.

HARPS IN THE WIND

(Carol Brink. Macmillan Co., New York. 1947. 312 pages. \$3.50.)

THIS biography of the "singing Hutchinsens" is enough to renew everyone's faith in humankind. These youngest members of a large family felt that they could make nothing except music their career. In spite of all manner of difficulties, not the least of which was that of insufficient funds, they persisted and did a great deal for the cause of music in New England.

Probably the most important feature of the book is the family loyalty, which cements the group of old and young into a unit, and makes a wholesome, stimulating biography.—M. C. J.



TO THE PIONEERS OF A DESERTED VALLEY

By Andrew M. Andersen

YOU were seeking permanence
Where you could plant perennials
For distant descendants,
So you listened and believed
When this heat tortured valley
Crying for water, promised fertility.

You scooped canals, built your houses,
And planted fields and orchards.

But drought, the inexorable enemy,
Stalked your waters,
And bandit winds filled your ditches
With waves of sand.

Now your valley is desolate,
An encampment of solitude.

Half-buried stones lie orderly,
Tracing phantom memories
Of friendly hearths and well-beloved homes.

Rest peacefully, heroic pioneers!
Your descendants
Planting in distant flowering valleys,
Reap abundantly.

MODERN BRIDES

By Bessie Saunders Spencer

PRISCILLA has an attic
And automatic grill;
Rebecca has a trailer
With chintzes for a frill.

Amelia has a hallway
With curtains for a door
And enters by the exit
To two rooms—twelve-by-four.

Luella has a basement
With cretonne camouflage;
Cornelia has a silo;
And Rose, a new garage.
But they are much too happy
To sit around and pout—
They try to make these remnants
The homes they dreamed about.

BUNDLE FROM HEAVEN?

By Jean Smith Platt

HEY, why didn't somebody tell me these things?
I thought little babies were halos and wings;
The one we've acquired is a terrible fright.
He sleeps in the day, and he cries in the night;
And he's thrown our routine in a horrible plight.

No more late arising, for six is the hour
He chooses to wake, and his mood is so sour
That only his bottle can make him stop howling.

He will not conform to our plans. He is frowning
A hither to most satisfactory life.

I want to know only one thing, my good wife—
And why won't somebody please tell me these things:

Just where is his halo, and where are his wings?

SEQUOIAS

By Nina Willis Walter

IN uniforms of rust and green arrayed,
You stand as straight as soldiers on parade,
Proudly serene throughout unnumbered years,
Pushing into the clouds, immune to fears.
Protectively you cover searing scars
And heal your wounds, while reaching for the stars.
Dwarfed by your mighty pillars, here I stand,
A Lilliputian lost in giant land.

REMEMBERING THE SEED

By Kathrya Kendall

REMEMBERING the seeds the wind had sown,
With laughter from an over-generous hand,
Spring thrusts aside old tattered leaves and calls
New life to contoured hills of loam and sand.

TO A PIONEER HOME

By Naomi Stevens Smith

LITTLE log cabin with sagging door,
I have not passed this way before,
And yet you bid me stay,
Undaunted by the world at hand,
Beside this country road you stand.

A bit of yesterday—
To tell of other hearts that beat
Beneath these desert skies,
And looked upon a desert waste
With hope through tear-dimmed eyes;
To tell of other hands that claimed
This once reluctant sod
And made it theirs indeed, through sweat
And toil and faith in God.

You've known the warmth of gratitude
For humble sheltering walls,
A happiness and unity
Not found in palace halls.
You know that lips can sing even while
The body cries for bread,
That hands can toil and backs can bend
With all but courage dead.

Little log cabin with broken pane,
I may not pass this way again.
But when beset by fears,
When faith and hope and courage wane,
I'll see a cabin in the lane
That sheltered pioneers.



—Photograph by Don H. Smith

LITTLE WONDERS

By Alice Josephine Wyatt

I LONG to understand the murmurings of earth
Sifted through melodious leaves in fragrant breath.
I search the mysteries of planets and their birth.
I yearn to see beyond the misty vale of death.

But I am bound by a law that makes me earn my way—
My passage through the shadows to a greater place;
And I am keyed to little births like dawn of day,
And I am held by little wonders like a pansy's face.

APRIL LOVES THE SUN

By Grace Sage

LET April stir the long wet leaves
And song invade the heart.
Where is the whip-poor-will that grieves
With feather-throated art?

Let spring ride in on wings of blue
And spread her golden plumes—
Lay carpets of soft meadow-rue
And wild crab-apple blooms.

This is the hour, the day, the time
When April loves the sun.
Today is for a bird-sweet rhyme,
For spring has just begun
To glow with petalled loveliness
And shed her flowers of happiness.

MY MOTHER

By Alta L. Leatty

MY mother is a lady with a little turned-up nose,
And a thrifty glint within her eyes as up the street she goes;
She trots from shop to market on every bargain day,
And peers at every price to see what she must pay.
She looks in all the windows, at all the latest styles;
She labors up the stair steps and hurries down the aisles,
Elbowing through the milling crowd as happy as a king;
She spends the day a-shopping and comes home without a thing.

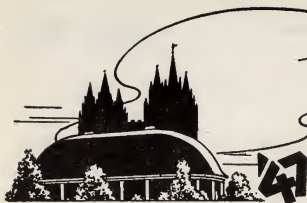
DEAL BEFORE PURCHASE

By Lucretia Penny

I HAVE some doubt,
Small house,
That you'll keep out
The gnawing mouse,
Or treat all spiders
As outsiders.

Your floors tilt;
Your corners vary;
Your cupboard doors
Are contrary.

If this, and more,
I forgive—and fleetly—
Will you ignore
My flaws completely?



THE SPOKEN WORD

By RICHARD L. EVANS

HEARD FROM THE "CROSSROADS OF THE WEST" WITH THE SALT LAKE TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN OVER A NATIONWIDE RADIO NETWORK THROUGH KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM EVERY SUNDAY AT 11:30 A.M. EASTERN TIME, 10:30 A.M. CENTRAL TIME, 9:30 A.M. MOUNTAIN TIME, AND 8:30 A.M. PACIFIC TIME.

Thin Thinking

THE phrase "defense in depth" has often been used as descriptive of a broad and flexible system of multiple strength, as contrasted with a thin and rigid line of fortification. There is another source of multiple strength that is a safeguard to any nation or people that has it, and that is "thinking in depth." Few if any great discoveries and few if any great developments come solely through the efforts of any one man—even though history sometimes accredits them to one man. And in the urgency of war, many minds moving toward a common purpose accomplished what would seem to have been the scientifically impossible. Neither one mind, nor a few minds, nor many regimented minds could have done so much. Whenever and wherever one person or a relatively small group of people attempt to do the thinking for all others, or attempt to tell everyone else what to do, the creative and productive processes are retarded. And this can only go on so long until peoples and nations become impoverished—impoverished as to leadership as well as to material things; for even as the physical efforts of many men accomplish much more than the physical efforts of any one man, so the mental efforts of many men, exercised in freedom and toward constructive purposes, accomplish more than the mental efforts of any one man, or any small group of men. History fails to record that any nation has ever shown good prospects of providing abundance and happiness for all who were willing to work, when only a few were doing the thinking, or when only a few were making the decisions. There is no monopoly on brains, and the more we can be induced to think for ourselves, and the more freedom we have for the constructive use of our thoughts, the safer is the world for the things that are worth preserving, and the stronger and richer and happier will be our lives in the glorious land we live in, and the better able shall we be to cope with any undermining influence from within or without. Indeed, without broad strength on the mental and moral and spiritual levels, physical defenses have always ultimately proved to be inadequate.

—February 23, 1947.

On Answering Questions

PERHAPS all of us have been embarrassed when we have been asked questions we could not answer. But we need not be, necessarily, because anyone can ask questions that no one can answer. And very often the best answer is the frank admission that we don't know. Surely there are many times when it would be better to say this than it would be to fumble in confusion. If we admit we don't know, our frankness may increase the confidence of others in us, but if we pretend we do when we don't, it doesn't take long for others to discover it, and their confidence drops accordingly. This isn't true only with adults; it is true also with children. Children discern often, without knowing why, when an adult is speaking beyond his knowledge. And on this basis they sometimes lose confidence in their advisers and teachers; for, having found them unreliable in some ways, they may hesitate to heed them in others ways. Of course, there are many things we don't know. It is obviously so because much is continually being revealed, because men are continually making discoveries. And if we knew everything in the present, the zest for the future, the beckoning urge of immortality and eternal progress would lose much that makes them now eagerly anticipated. We may be helpful in stating what we do know, in teaching the moral verities, in restating the time-tested truths, in speaking from our experience, in speculating as to possibilities, in reasoning from the known to the unknown, and in voicing our convictions, but beyond what the Lord God has revealed and beyond what man has for certain discovered, we would scarcely be justified in making dogmatic declarations, when what we really are doing is proffering opinions. Surely the courage to say, "I do not know," and the good sense to say it, would clear the atmosphere many times and in many places where otherwise misused misinformation might waste much time and destroy much confidence.

—February 16, 1947.

FROM TEMPLE SQUARE



Some Hazards of Rationalization

TRUTH and facts can be very stubborn and inconvenient at times. And with all of us, there are perhaps some things we wish were true and some things we wish were not true. And so, by a process of rationalization, so-called, we often talk ourselves into or out of many things, admitting all the evidence that would take us where we want to go, and excluding all the evidence that would not. In other words, we sometimes first decide what we would like the answers to be, and then work back to make them seem to be what we would like. This type of reasoning has many forms and many purposes, sometimes superficial and sometimes serious. Sometimes we merely let it serve as a salve to our conscience for some small indulgence of our own comfort or convenience. But sometimes it is used to gloss over things more grave than this. For example, a man who takes money that doesn't belong to him can almost always explain to himself that he was entitled to it, that he was worth more than he was getting, that he needed it worse than those from whom he took it, and so on; by which means he may rationalize himself into thinking that dishonesty is not dishonesty in his particular case, but merely a means of acquiring what ought to be his anyway. Needless to say, such thinking is but the prelude to tragedy. By similar means we can justify, to ourselves at least, every defect of character or conduct and every bad habit, sometimes merely by pointing to others who have worse ones. Also, it has not been uncommon for men to rationalize as to life and all its obligations, according to their convenience, and even to rationalize God out of being. Thus on almost any issue, in every neglect of duty, every commission of error, everything we do that we shouldn't, everything we don't do that we should, and everything we choose to believe or not to believe, we may mislead ourselves by a form of false rationalizing. But this kind of reasoning neither changes the facts nor alters the ultimate consequences. And so perhaps an antidote to the hazards of rationalization could well be suggested: Don't jump at plausible and prejudiced conclusions and try to justify them; rather jump at the truth, and stay with it wherever it goes.

—February 9, 1947.

"Thou Shalt" and "Thou Shalt Not"

OFTEN QUOTED, and ascribed to various sources, is this doubtful declaration: "I don't care what you say about me so long as you mention my name." This statement, however we may disagree with it, gives recognition to the basic fact that we are attracted to the things we know. A name heard often enough, even though unfavorably, attracts attention, whereas an unknown name may not. What we know nothing about has no part in our thinking. But if we know a little about something, we may want to know a little more, and if we know much about it, we may want to know all about it. This is all by way of introduction to a plea for positive teaching. It has long been understood that the teachings of Jesus the Christ offer a positive approach to the problems of life. But even in the Ten Commandments, which we may have come to think upon as solely a series of "thou shalt nots," there is much that is positive. First of all there is the reminder, "I am the Lord thy God." Also, "Six days shalt thou labour." "Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy." "Honour thy father and thy mother." The things the Ten Commandments tell us not to do are as binding and forbidden today as they were when they were graven upon stone by the finger of God. But any man who is first mindful of the Lord God, who lives in a manner such as to bring honor to his father and mother, who is diligent in honest labor, and who keeps the Lord's day holy, isn't likely to need too much reminder of negative admonitions. Overemphasis on forbidden things may tend to make them attractive. Too intent a contemplation of the terrors of hell may obscure some of the desirability of heaven. Too much dwelling upon what we shouldn't do may retard some of the things we should do. Of course, we must teach what not to do, and in unmistakable terms, but we have an obligation not only to tell our young people what not to do, but also to teach them what they should do—not only to see that they don't do the wrong things, but also to hold constantly before them an unforgettable example of the right things.

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—February 2, 1947.

47 The CHURCH MOVES ON



"Church of the Air"

ELDER ALBERT E. BOWEN of the Council of the Twelve will be the speaker at Easter services on Columbia's "Church of the Air," Sunday, April 6, which is also conference Sunday. The broadcast, which originates with KSL at 8 a.m. MST, will be heard on CBS stations at 10:00 EST, 9:00 CST, and 7:00 PST. Listeners in the KSL area may hear a rebroadcast Sunday evening at 9:00 p.m., MST.

Pacific Mission

ELDER MATTHEW COWLEY of the Council of the Twelve and president of the Pacific Mission of the Church, left Salt Lake City late in February for a tour of the Hawaiian and the Central Pacific missions. He plans to return to Salt Lake City in time to attend April conference. After the conference he will return to his field, visiting Australia, New Zealand, Samoa, Tonga, and Tahiti.

As he tours the missions under his jurisdiction, he will study the effects of the war years upon these countries as they relate to Church members and missionary activity. He will investigate the possibilities of greater use of the Hawaiian Temple by the peoples of the Pacific through the promotion of excursions and the gathering of general-ogies. He will also study the advisability of establishing Church schools in some of the Pacific missions to improve the educational standards of the Church members.

M.I.A. General Board

DOYLE L. GREEN, assistant managing editor of *The Improvement Era*, has been appointed a member of the general board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association. Elder Green has been assigned to the general committee on scouting for the Church and the speech committee of the Y.M. M.I.A.

New Wards

HAMER WARD, Rigby Stake, Idaho, has been created from the Hamer Branch, with R. Lloyd Bybee as bishop.

Logan Seventeenth Ward, Cache Stake, Utah, has been organized with R. Owen Yeates as bishop. It was formerly a part of the Logan Third Ward.

Charleston Ward, Moapa Stake, has been created from part of the Las Vegas, Nevada, First Ward, with Philip Empey as bishop.

Riverview Ward, Pioneer Stake, has been organized from part of the Salt Lake City Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth wards with D. Arthur Haycock as bishop.

Nottingham Chapel

THE Church has obtained a large home at 28 Loughborough Road, Nottingham, England, which will be used as a chapel and branch headquarters. The Church now owns eighteen of its branch buildings in the British Mission.

B.Y.U. Expansion Program

PRESIDENT HOWARD S. McDONALD of Brigham Young University, Provo, has announced plans, approved by the First Presidency, for the construction of two new buildings on the "Y" campus: A new science building which will cost a million dollars, and an athletic and physical education field house which will cost \$500,000. Both buildings, sorely needed on the campus, will add much to college life and scholarship. It is planned that the field house will seat ten thousand people, and will be used for concerts, and pageants, as well as athletic events.

Missionaries Released

California: Aaron Garside, Jr., Riverton, Utah; Annie Myers Garside, Riverton, Utah; Minerva DuRell D. Patten, Logan, Utah; William Neuman Patten, Logan, Utah.

Canadian: Alma Betts, Raymond, Alberta, Canada; Joseph Conrey Critchfield, Magrath, Alberta, Canada; Lois Draney, Murray, Utah; Hulda Parker, Draper, Utah; Shirley Westover, Murray, Utah.

Central States: Melba Marie Burnette, Salt Lake City; Heber Close Butler, Garland, Utah; George Henry Hobbs, Rupert, Idaho; Barbara Larsen, Salt Lake City; (Lydia Ann N. Romney—deceased—wife of mission president); Thomas Cottam Romney (mission president), Logan, Utah.

East Central States: Reed Weldon Anderson, Shelley, Idaho; Rozelda Butler, Eagar, Arizona; Donald Keith Clark, Pocatello, Idaho; Graham Hayes Doney (mission president), Salt Lake City; Leone Blanche W. Doney (wife of mission president), Salt Lake City; William Eugene Holfeltz, Vernal, Utah; Bradley James Trunnell, Salt Lake City.

Eastern States: Mary Frances DeLa Mare, Salt Lake City; Josephine Janette Harvey, Salt Lake City; Zora Marie Nash, Salt Lake City; Cornelius Workman, Lovell, Wyoming.

Hawaiian: Leah Jane B. Johnson, Salt Lake City; Sanford August Johnson, Salt

Lake City; Delbert Loris Ray, Coolidge, Arizona; John Edward Runyan, Denver, Colorado.

New England: Mary Anderson, Manti, Utah; Frederick William Busselberg, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Arthur Lee Cox, Richfield, Utah; Willie Kitchens Tanner, Salt Lake City.

Northern California: David Astin, Salt Lake City; Myrtle A. Barton, Ogden, Utah; Sherman Stewart Barton, Ogden, Utah; Esther Ruth Bowman, Kaysville, Utah; Edith Carlquist, Draper, Utah; Reuben P. Davis, Salt Lake City; Thelma Edward, Salt Lake City; Phil J. Heilesen, Glenwood, Utah; Wanda Mabel Jensen, Fairview, Wyoming; Russel Joseph Standing, San Bernardino, California.

Northern States: Venna Dunkley, Preston, Idaho; Glen Gibb Fisher, Hillspring, Alberta, Canada; Lawrence Greene, Salt Lake City; Gudrun Christine J. Hisgen, Montebello, California; Catherine Mae Hopkins, Richmond, California; Agnes Mitchell Laney, North Salt Lake, Utah; George Culbert Laney, Woods Cross, Utah; Charles Merlin Plumb (deceased), Tucson, Arizona; August W. Reymann, Salt Lake City; Louise Margarethe C. H. Reymann, Salt Lake City; Max Bruno Rothe, Lehi, Utah.

Northwestern States: Mary Catherine Bowen, Murray, Utah; Marie Kohnpepp Nash, Salt Lake City; Wilbur Roy Nash, Salt Lake City.

Southern States: John Wesley Aaron, Evanston, Wyoming; Henry Christian Blunck, Rexburg, Idaho; Asahel Thomas Gee, Burley, Idaho; Clara Mae Gowers, Lynwood, California; Keith Birch Hall, St. Anthony, Idaho; Edward Lorenzo Howard, Sr., Sacramento, California; Martha Elizabeth H. Howard, Sacramento, California; Arva Madsen, Woods Cross, Utah; Helen Marie Park, Clearfield, Utah; Aaron B. Porter, Pocatello, Idaho; Eva Allanna Nichols Porter, Pocatello, Idaho; Lewis Burton Westover, Lewiston, Utah.

Texas-Louisiana: Burley Nunon Thompson, St. George, Utah.

Western States: Jessie Pearl Harless, Phoenix, Arizona; Marcellus Duke Provost, Salt Lake City; Eva Marie Wilkins, Ucon, Idaho.

British: Charles Eton Price, Salt Lake City; Esther Swift Thornton, Ogden, Utah; William Thornton, Ogden, Utah.

California: Golden Stephen Baxter, Sandy, Utah; Nannie Mosley Lowe, Portsmouth, Ohio; Myra Irene Sanders Rogers, Mesa, Arizona; Ernest Attmore White, Salt Lake City; Olive Johnson White, Salt Lake City.

Canadian: John Almond Butterfield, Riverton, Utah; Lydia Fern C. B. Butterfield, Riverton, Utah; Emily Dora Bywater Jensen, Richfield, Utah; LeVaun Matkin, Magrath, Alberta, Canada.

Central States: Charles Merritt Bolton,

Salt Lake City; Evelyn E. Bolton, Salt Lake City; Clara Emma Judd, Grantsville, Utah.

East Central States: Keith Eugene Dye, Firih, Idaho.

Hawaiian: Emily Adah Y. C. Cannon, Salt Lake City; William Tenney Cannon, Salt Lake City; Preston Doyle Young, Pocatello, Idaho.

Mexican: Hannah Louise Abegg, Colonia Juarez, Mexico; Oscar Emmanuel Bluth, Jr., Colonia Dublin, Mexico; Alva Fenn, Benson, Arizona; Karl Rogers Fenn, San Ber-

nardino, California; Carl Stephen Haynie, Colonia Pacheco, Mexico; Knowlton Hills Martineau, Colonia Pacheco, Mexico; Johanna Marie Tonks, Salt Lake City.

Navajo-Zuni: Martin Ray Young, Sr., Mesa, Arizona.

New England: Arthur Jesse Bott, Brigham City, Utah.

North Central States: Lloyd Morris Barker, Smithfield, Utah; Amelia Corri, Salt Lake City; Arthur Merrill Day, Fairview, Utah; Archie D. Johnston, Burley,

Idaho; Mary Eliza Bowers Johnston, Burley, Idaho; Lyman Kapple, Jr., Prescott, Arizona; Phebe Estelle T. Kapple, Prescott, Arizona; Giles Edgar Vanderhoof, Sparks, Nevada.

Northern California: Merle Christensen, Salt Lake City; Jesse Smith Decker, Mesa, Arizona; Joseph Arthur Fowers, Ogden, Utah; Sarah Ellen A. Fowers, Ogden, Utah; Bernice Rosabelle Randall (deceased), Idaho Falls, Idaho; Maurine Randall, Idaho Falls, Idaho.



MISSIONARIES ENTERING THE MISSIONARY HOME FEBRUARY 3, AND DEPARTING FEBRUARY 13, 1947

First row, left to right: H. Don Gidley, Norma Loosle, Arlene Carlson, Margaret Gerber, Helen Fredrickson, Don E. Howard, Don B. Colton, director; Keith A. Swensen, C. William Knowles, Betty Stoker, George C. Elton, Thelma Carter, Ellis R. Wilding.

Second row: Robert E. Chase, Charles N. Broadbent, Jennie Broadbent, Phyllis Farley, Joyce Harrison, Elaine Lund, Melva Hale, Alice Stice, Sheila Winters, Philip Sorensen, LaRae Stradling, Rulon V. Shockman, Grace Ruby Meyers, Wayne H. Nye.

Third row: Orlen F. Packrell, Robert D. Sanderson, Mancel V. Mortensen, John D. Driggs, Ron C. Cook, Doyce Lamb, Melba O. Oakes, Jennie Howard, Thomas K. Lyman, Margaret Pulsipher, Charles H. Simpson, Doris M. Burris, Eunice Klingler.

Fourth row: Thomas J. Barger, Ronald H. Snarr, Lola Snarr, Leslie Raty, Garth H. King, Melvin L. Jones, Wendell L. Crump, Joseph L. Mills, Elizabeth Liddle, Hazel W. Waldron, W. Calvin Waldron, Ruth E. Holt, Geneva B. Clift.

Fifth row: George Kendon Naylor, Robert Francis

Potter, Frank Brown Wall, D. Yaun Quigley, O. P. Cooper, William Hyde Hepworth, Aage Boeslund, Wayne Mayhew, Boyd Simpson, Edmond D. Clark, Davis Fell, Winston Wehrlein, LeGrande D. Hubbard.

Sixth row: Wayne Lewis Allison, Alexis Malan Tanner, Carl J. Wallin, Jr., Ray B. Jones, Robert K. Shaw, David C. Putnam, Robert E. Neilson, Robert H. Smith, J. E. Farrimond, John Latterer, John C. Lawrence, Robert A. Hamilton, Malcolm R. Bridge, Albert S. Wagstaff.

Seventh row: Norman Floyd Hammer, Robert Dennis Brown, Jacob Pearl Burton, Jr., Walter Scott Mowkey, Jr., Reese Holt Chedum, Roy R. Stevens, Clyde W. Johnson, Vernon B. Cook, Ben Roberts, James Blythe Moyes, Clyde Lee Anderson, Elmer W. Eightum.

Eighth row: Melvin E. Olsen, L. Rae Huish, LaVere A. Griffith, Verl J. Iverson, Byron R. Babbal, Robert F. Pool, Arnold J. McAllister, Dee Lon Savage, Laurence Gene Bird, Hugh C. Bagley, LaVern F. Eller, Vernard C. Cook, Tharon J. Hinckley.

Ninth row: Marshall G. Bennett, Fuller A. Chapman, Rulon Falsley, Grant R. Christoffensen, George T. Sonntag, H. Heaton Barker, Joseph H. Steenblik, Marvin Lange, Clyde Stringham, Gordon A. Curtis,

Lloyd G. Frey, Willis C. Petersen.

Tenth row: Paul J. Updike, Kendall J. Ray, Ernest W. Whetten, Burchell E. Hopkin, Duane S. Williams, Carl R. Berg, Lloyd Cullimore, Jr., Kenneth C. Lucas, Jesse M. Davis, Dave McLelland, C. D. Milane, Clay S. Tanner, Albert K. Thurber.

Eleventh row: Junior E. Call, Lowell D. Jenkins, Asa T. White, W. Lynn Fluckiger, Robert D. Thomas, Alf L. Bostrom, Myron W. McIntyre, Cecil R. Watson.

Twelfth row: Floyd T. Waterman, E. W. Cummings, Harvey G. Evans, Eric Wier, H. Dean Higginson, Willis F. Hansen, Winslow E. Weber, Dale C. Mancur, William Dale Cazier, Clyde E. May.

Thirteenth row: Ivan B. Gardner, Keith A. Cheney, Leo D. Haws, Ross Wynn, Al Fisher, Thomas Bell, Merlin H. Workman, Vear H. Hansen.

Fourteenth row: Howard D. Swanson, Jay Norman Jepsen, Heber B. Kapp, Jacob Kapp, Orange F. Peel, LeRoy P. Bohrer, Donald N. Spencer, Calvin J. Probst, Kay F. Probst, Hal F. Noyes.

Fifteenth row: Ronald G. Pond, Warren G. Hostetter, Vern B. Muir, Leok K. Johnson, John C. Frederiksen, Julie L. C. Perry, Gordon J. Nutt, Hyrum L. Andrus, Leonard H. Park, Thomas L. Hall, Howard B. Bennion, Leo E. Toome.



MISSIONARIES ENTERING THE MISSIONARY HOME FEBRUARY 17, AND DEPARTING FEBRUARY 26, 1947

First row, left to right: Glen Sargent, Don Clem, Marion Allen, Elmore Loveland, Don B. Colton, director; Raymond Darley, Wesley Williams, Florence Husted, Jean Aldous.

Second row: Frederick Barstley, Emma Elveda Walton, Caroline L. Tucker, William Seldon Owens, Harold Howell, Jr., Wallace Simmons, Jack H. Parry, Stanley N. Barker, Kent R. Anderson.

Third row: Norman Page Neil, Thela Barrett, Jessie F. Heath, Ralla Bon Bluth, Mable Laina, Sophia Conrad, Carl K. Conrad, Lois H. Shepherd, Richard H. Shepherd.

Fourth row: Dora Davis, Thelma Johnson, Elaine

Shreeve, Sherman M. Little, Blair Maxfield, Harold Bowman, Gaylen S. Young, Irma Clements, Beth Barton.

Fifth row: Charles G. Carlisle, Grant W. Walker, Meade E. Nielson, Glen E. Young, Clifford Ray Gardner, George E. Billings, Stanley A. Beasley, Stanley R. Sharp, Ray Lindsay.

Sixth row: Reed Larsen, George R. Feller, Reid W. Smith, William R. Thornton, Clifton J. Johnson, Morani Hansen, Nora May Hansen, Elva A. Bennett, George Q. Bennett.

Seventh row: Paul D. Levis, Laird C. Stringham, Serge Lyman Ballif, Luwayne Barrington, Durward A. Burnett, Leo B. Skinner, Cleo Mark Wright, Evan W. Lee, Ferrel J. Hall, Harold W. Atkins.

Eighth row: Delbert Lamar Tree, Leland Jay Cook,

June Smith Cox, J. Harold Smith, Francis W. Robison, Henry Edwin Williams, Eldon S. Williams, Marilyn P. Jones, Donald C. Whitaker, Harold M. Shelley.

Ninth row: Burton P. Mortensen, Kenneth R. Parker, Ray Lawrence, Enoch Wayne Russan, Lloyd M. Felsted, Eldon H. Stokes, Harold D. Blanch, Glen A. Shelton, Jr., Eldon H. Heslop, Robert V. Christ, Kenneth P. Bird.

Tenth row: Robert H. Christensen, Newel L. Thumman, Donald R. Holt, Kennard D. Chappell, Robert L. Van Wagoner, Floyd R. Smith, Kirk Moffitt Curtis, Willis H. Yost, Arnold H. Breakham, Gail B. Lund.

Eleventh row: Ralph V. Ball, Merlin Myers, Jay K. Donaldson, Joy G. Alleman, Max K. Buchmiller, Reea M. Smith, Harold A. Pratt, Milton Starley, Clyde E. Mockli, Howard E. Tomkinson.

Our Senior Editor

THE anniversary of the birth of President George Albert Smith, senior editor of *The Improvement Era*, occurs on April 4. President Smith is rich—rich in experience, in the love of multitudes for him, in the confidence of the Lord who has called him to his high position. What else matters when life's labors yield such a harvest!

The host of *Era* workers and readers extend congratulations to this man of God, their noble and beloved friend and leader, and pray that many years on earth, in health of every faculty, may yet wait upon him. Under his prophetic Presidency the Church is moving safely towards its divine destiny. May the blessings of heaven rest upon him and his loved ones. That is the urgent prayer of a grateful people.—J. A. W.

They Had No Doubt

ONE HUNDRED years ago this month, the first pioneer company left Winter Quarters to seek out a permanent home for the Latter-day Saints. They traveled westward, towards regions poorly known, for their martyred Prophet had declared that the Church would settle in the Rocky Mountains. Their present prophet would know the location when he saw it.

There was therefore no doubt of the outcome of the journey when on April 16, 1847, the company began its march. The work that lay before them was the Lord's work. As he led ancient Israel over the deserts to the land of promise, so he would bring success to the impending quest. A permanent abiding place would be found for the harassed, persecuted Saints. Moreover, the place would be one chosen for them by the Lord.

So certain of the Lord's guidance were the people, also, who remained, that before the first company had reached the Great Basin, or news of the selection of the Great Salt Lake valley had been received, other companies had been organized, and were on the way, following the trail of the first company. Mormon Battalion members and families who had been left behind in Santa Fe did not attempt to return to the green acres of Iowa or Nebraska; but joined the pioneer company in the practically unknown West. To them all, the Great Salt Lake valley was the chosen spot whence the cause of the Lord would spread over the earth.

So certain of the fulfillment of prophecy was the whole Church, that Winter Quarters, Kaneshville, and other pioneer places, with houses and public structures, near fertile lands, were abandoned for the new-found haven on the barren shores of the

great, interior salt lake. These villages and towns had served their day. The loss of earthly wealth was as nothing compared with promised heavenly rewards. That kind of wealth, they knew, would accumulate faster in the society of the chosen leaders of the Church, and their fellow believers. If they would do their part, their earthly wants would be supplied. That was their certain faith.

So certain of their mission and destiny had they been, that rather than surrender an iota of their faith, they left lovely Nauvoo and its sacred House of the Lord. The pains they suffered in the loss of homes, belongings, city, and temple were tempered by the assurance that God had again spoken to man, and that they must, at all costs, carry out his latter-day purposes. They were in partnership with God, hence they always faced the world with courage and good cheer.

The toilsome journey across desert and plain, over mountain passes and swollen streams, seemed to the men and women of '47, and their successors, to be but small payment for the eternal truths which poured light and hope into their every affair. In defiance of the pitiless desert, they played and sang and danced, when the crunching wheels ceased rolling for the night. Certainty lifted their souls towards joy.

Was there ever anything quite like it in human history? Has certainty ever before risen so high over sacrifice? Certainty of faith gave mighty power to the pioneers of '47. It has made the Church strong.

The man of faith is unafraid; he stands undismayed before the rising problems of life, for he knows they will recede before his assaults; he is ever the master.

Uncertainty and doubt make men slaves to unknown forces; therefore our unhappy world seethes and erupts bloodily, cruelly.

We of this generation, who face problems as great as those of '47, need an equal certainty of faith in the principles, ordinances, and practices of the gospel. Then, we too shall move on as conquerors. That is the first lesson of the pioneers.

—J. A. W.





LET'S TALK IT OVER ²¹

SOME TALKS TO YOUNG PEOPLE
ABOUT CURRENT PROBLEMS

By MARY BRENTNALL

"TELL US what people really do and say and how they act at difficult moments," young people say. "Theory is all right, but it doesn't always help us much."

So we give you the following group of little stories. Each reports an actual situation or occasion and is, as nearly as it is possible to retell it, an actual conversation.

FOUR MEN sat around a restaurant table in a farwestern city. The oldest, a man of sixty, his doctor friend, nearly the same age, and the doctor's son, about thirty, were not members of the Church. The fourth man, in his early forties, was. The first three were all smokers, the last was not. They were talking pleasantly enough of weather, politics, families—the various things about which men make conversation—when the youngest man pulled out a package of cigarets and offered one to the oldest.

"No, thanks," the older man said. "three months ago, I limited myself to two a day, and I've had my quota for today. My throat was getting so bad, and I was coughing so much that I had to cut down."

"Some people don't even call these cigarets," the young man replied. "They're medicated. I was having trouble myself, so I thought I'd try these."

"Yes," commented the doctor. "I offered to pay for my son's smokes for a year if he'd change to cigars. I think they're a little easier on you than cigarets."

"Why smoke at all if it's such a problem?" said the nonsmoker. "Why not just quit altogether?"

"Well, obviously, that's the only answer," smiled the doctor, "but you miss an awful lot of congeniality when you don't smoke."

"I don't think so"—the "Mormon" was again speaking. "I'm having a wonderful time with you fellows."

A YOUNG Latter-day Saint on a business trip in the East, noticed, as he sat for an hour or so with a good friend that the man, who formerly had smoked continuously, wasn't smoking at all.

"You haven't smoked all day, Dick. What's happened?" he asked.

"I've quit. It's bad enough when your wife gets after you, but when your children object, you just gotta do something."

"How's it been—hard?" asked his western friend.

"No," said Dick, "it hasn't been too bad—surprisingly. It's been interesting. I hadn't realized that in my years of smoking, I had completely forgotten how food tasted. I'm having a very good time rediscovering flavor. Smoking had, evidently, 'jimmied' my sense of taste. And another thing—I'm a little embarrassed about this, but the other day I became conscious that my brother Ben had a very disagreeable odor about him. Somehow the odor of tobacco had become distasteful to me. Anyway it made me wonder about myself, so I said to my wife, 'Betty, did I use to smell like Ben?' She looked at me sort of surprised and said, 'Why, of course you did—always!' I couldn't help saying to her, 'How did you ever stand living with me?'"

A YOUNG COUPLE were invited by a business associate to a big hotel dinner. The voice over the telephone said, "Please come early for cocktails."

"Well, since we don't drink, perhaps it would be more comfortable all around if we just came in time for dinner," suggested the wife.

"No, come early—I want you to meet all these people, and that's the best way to do it. You don't have to drink."

So they went. Immediately, their charming friend dashed up, "Can't I get you something—a little wine, perhaps?"

The husband who had learned that it was wisest not to have even a glass of ginger ale in his hand at a drinking party, said, "No, thank you, but I'm anxious to see Mr. Berry before we go in. Will you excuse me a moment, please?"

And the wife, who was exceedingly thirsty, said, "What I'd really like is a glass of water."

The friend laughed and said, "There isn't a drop of water around—except charged water. Would that do?"

She didn't particularly like charged water, but it was wet, and she was sipping it somewhat slowly when another woman came up to her.

"What is that pale drink—I thought I knew all the varieties, but that's a new one."

"Oh, this is H₂O spiked with CO₂."

The woman, who was "not quite herself," said, "It must be awfully weak. I've often wondered what people who don't drink do at cocktail parties."

"Well, we usually stay home," said the wife.

And the other woman murmured, "You don't miss much—do you? Lucky woman."

PEOPLE as a whole are thoughtful and considerate. Once they are fully convinced that you do not drink, even the drinkers will protect you from both invitations and ridicule. But occasionally an exception turns up—someone who takes a malicious pleasure in making a non-drinker feel conspicuous. This happened to Mr. X, a very delightful, intelligent, and devoted Latter-day Saint. Mr. X enjoyed the confidence of his associates in a very important position which had kept him away from his western home for many years. Those who worked with him—with few exceptions—respected his religious convictions, and, although most of them drank, never commented on his abstinence or offered him anything which they knew he would refuse.

(Continued on page 231)



YOURS AND MINE

By Evelyn Wooster Viner

THAT which is mine I may do with as I wish. I may hoard it selfishly or generously divide with those less fortunate. But that which is yours I may not touch. "Thou shalt not steal," commands the Lord.

Steal is an ugly word. I may try so often the sting by saying I helped myself, but the connotation is the same. Grammatical evasions will not help matters.

What may I then possess of this world's goods? Nothing which is not rightfully mine. My neighbor may have a shed full of implements which lie unused year after year, but this does not give me the privilege of deciding that he does not need them. They belong to him and to him alone.

Dale had not known Bob long when, one fine spring day, Bob suggested a drive in the country. The prospect was alluring, and soon they were rolling through the pleasant countryside enjoying fresh air and sunshine.

A fig tree, loaded with luscious fruit, grew temptingly close to the road. Dale watched indulgently as Bob gathered the figs that grew over the road, but when he took a pail from the car and climbed over the fence, Dale became alarmed.

"Hey," he said anxiously, "what are you going to do?"

"Get these figs," replied Bob tersely, commencing to pick.

"You better not do that," argued Dale. "Likely the owner plans to use them."

"Poof," scorned Bob, pointing to a few that lay scattered on the ground, "see how they're going to waste? He'd have picked them before this time if he wanted them."

However, when a car came that way, Bob scuttled into a ditch and lay huddled among the weeds until it had passed.

"Come on," urged Dale, "you have enough." But Bob refused to leave until the tree was stripped. Just as he loaded his ill-gotten fruit, a car came slowly past. Once past, it stopped, turned, and came slowly

back. Bob hastily threw a robe over the fruit and assumed a nonchalant air. Dale broke into agonized perspiration.

"A fine thing," he thought. "If I am caught here with a thief, I'll be considered as guilty as he."

The car crawled past, and Dale drew a sigh of relief, promising himself never to be caught out with Bob again.

ONE man went to great expense to transport an old world castle from its original location. In the castle were many wonders, fine old statuary, ancient clothing, and other items of value. About the grounds wandered strange animals from far lands. All this was intended for the instruction and the amusement of the



public. However, after one statue was completely headless and another had lost an arm by the constant chipping of souvenir hunters, the place was closed to the public. Even the fine old costumes were being cut up bit by bit.

"Why," you say, "those people were vandals and thieves!"

Not at all. This was done by souvenir-hunting Mr. and Mrs. America. It was done by a public who had not been properly instructed in the difference between yours and mine.

All too common and too uncomfortably close to the truth are the humorous stories concerning the depredations of the city man in the country.

Let's teach our young people to put a clear and distinct line of demarcation between yours and mine.

Josephine B. Nichols

EASTER FAVORITE FOODS

WHETHER your featured meal on Easter is breakfast, dinner, or a late supper, you will enjoy these suggestions:

Spring Medley In Biscuit Ring

- 3 cups sifted enriched flour
- 4½ teaspoons baking powder
- 1¼ teaspoons salt
- 6 tablespoons shortening
- 1 to 1½ cups milk

Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt. Cut in shortening. Add milk to make a soft dough. Turn out on lightly floured board and knead gently thirty seconds. Roll out one-half inch thick. Cut with two-inch cutter or in one and one-half inch squares. Brush with melted butter or margarine. Place biscuits two deep in a nine-inch ring mold or arrange in ring shape on baking sheet. Bake in hot oven (470° F.) fifteen minutes. Place on heated serving platter and fill with spring medley.

Spring Medley

- 4 tablespoons shortening
- 4 tablespoons flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 cups milk
- 2 tablespoons pimiento
- 1 cup cooked, drained green peas
- 6 hard-cooked eggs, quartered lengthwise

Melt shortening over low heat; blend in flour; add salt. Add milk gradually, stirring until thickened. Cook five minutes. Fold in pimiento, peas, and eggs. Heat thoroughly. Pour into hot biscuit ring. Garnish with parsley and tomato slices.

Nest Eggs

- 4 cups hot seasoned mashed potatoes
- 5 teaspoons catsup
- 5 eggs
- salt and pepper
- ½ cup grated American cheese

Spread potatoes in greased shallow baking dish. Make five nests; in each place one teaspoon catsup and one egg; season with salt and pepper. Bake in moderately slow oven (325° F.) about twenty minutes or until eggs are almost done. Sprinkle cheese over eggs. Return to oven to melt cheese—about ten minutes. Serve piping hot.

Spicy Hot Cross Buns

- 2 cakes compressed yeast
- ¼ cup lukewarm water
- 1 cup milk

Cook's Corner

- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 cup currants
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon allspice
- 5 cups sifted enriched flour (about)
- confectioners' sugar icing

Soften yeast in lukewarm water, scald milk. Add shortening, sugar, and salt. Cool to lukewarm. Add flour to make a thick batter. Add softened yeast and eggs. Beat well. Add currants, spices, and enough flour to make a soft dough. Turn out on board and knead until satiny. Place in greased bowl, cover and let rise until double. When light, shape into small buns, and place on greased baking sheet. Let rise until doubled. With a razor blade cut a cross in the top of each bun. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) twenty to twenty-five minutes. While hot, ice with confectioners' sugar icing, following the cut in the buns. Yields three dozen buns.

Easter Cup Cakes

- 6 eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
- 1 cup sifted cake flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt

Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored; add lemon juice and rind. Beat in sugar. Beat egg whites until they hold a peak. Stir flour and salt into egg yolk mixture. Fold in egg whites. Fill large size muffin tins, which have been dusted with flour, two-thirds full. Bake at 325° F. for thirty minutes. Cool cakes on rack.

Just below top of cake make a small slit and pull cake apart just enough to insert a spoonful of pineapple sauce, press together again. Make a powdered sugar frosting by blending one cup powdered sugar and just enough cream evaporated milk to make a frosting for spreading. Tint frosting a pale green or yellow with vegetable coloring. Frost the sides and top of cup cakes, just before serving top with a single real blossom such as a violet, Chinese lily, or geranium.

Easter Bonnet Place Cards

Make a pretty face on a hard-cooked egg, color it with colored pencils or crayons. Either paint on the hair, or glue strands of wool yarn to the top of the egg. For a collar, fold a small sheet of lightweight paper four inches by seven inches into a strip of four thicknesses, tucking one end in the fold of the other end to secure it. Glue collar on egg and attach a ribbon bow at the chin. For the hat, snip the center of a tiny paper doily, put over a small nut cup. Tie with a bit of ribbon and a posy. This makes a fashionable up-to-the-minute hat. Put it on the egg head and arrange on place card.

APRIL 1947

"That's for us!"



THAT

"California Touch"

IN THE NEW
CLEANER, BRIGHTER
PABCO PAINT
COLORS"

Now Pabco research presents the truest blues...the richest reds, the mellowest yellows...the deepest, most beautiful shades in every paint color...to harmonize with our western way of living!

Pabco paint-quality is better than ever! So easy to apply...so quick to dry. Greater coverage...extra durability, too!

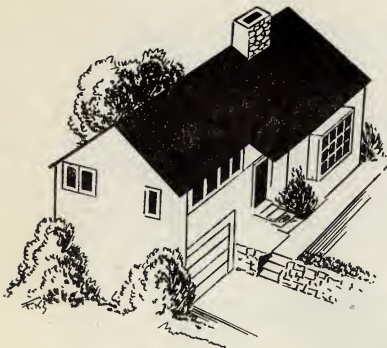
Supplies of Pabco Paints are still limited...but they're so superior that they're well worth waiting for! Your Pabco dealer is listed in Phone Book Classified Section.



THE PARAFFINE COMPANIES - INC.
SAN FRANCISCO 19, CALIFORNIA



BEAUTIFICATION SCORE CARDS



By Lewis J. Harmer
CHAIRMAN, PLEASANT GROVE CITY
BEAUTIFICATION COMMITTEE

"**B**EAUTIFY" is a popular slogan in Latter-day Saint homes today. Community face lifting campaigns are organized in most Utah cities. This is an important part of the preparations being made for Utah's centennial celebration. Utah will be host to visitors from many states, and will want to be complimented on her appearance. If each person, company, and civic unit will beautify the property they own, we shall all have more beautiful states in which to live.

We suggest that each homeowner carefully inspect his house and lot and look for changes that can be made in improving its appearance. One good way to do this is to approach your place from the opposite side of the street and look at it with the attitude of a stranger who might be interested in buying. The following score card has been prepared to assist you in making your appraisal. Make your own inspection, then rate your own home. If you can answer the following questions in the affirmative, your beautification score is one hundred percent.

- | | Yes | No |
|--|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Have you cleaned up all garbage, trash, paper, and other debris? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 2. Have you removed or re-modeled all unsightly or unnecessary outbuildings? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 3. Have you planned and landscaped your premises to obtain the best appearance? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 4. Are your lawns properly cared for—well-cut, free from weeds, uniformly green, well- | | |

- | | Yes | No |
|---|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| fertilized, edges neatly trimmed? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 5. Have you planted sufficient flowers to beautify and provide continuous blooms throughout the season? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 6. Are your trees and shrubs neatly and adequately pruned and trimmed? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 7. Are you using paint to the fullest possible extent in beautifying your home? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 8. Have you considered your neighbors' plans in developing your beautification program? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 9. Do you extend your efforts to the center of the street, or even across the street if there is nobody opposite you? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 10. Can you be depended upon to beautify your home so that it will rate a score of one hundred percent? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

WE hope that owners of vacant lots will cooperate in making our cities beautiful. It has usually been taken for granted that vacant lots were to be neglected and allowed to become community eyesores. Our beautification campaign will be only partially successful unless this attitude can be changed. The main reason why vacant lots are eyesores is that they are usually abandoned. The best remedy is to put this land to a practical use. We have prepared the following score card to assist you in judging your vacant lot. If you can answer the following questions in the affirmative, your beautification score is one hundred percent.

- | | Yes | No |
|--|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Is your lot clean—no weeds, wastepaper, or other trash? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 2. Is your lot planted? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 3. Are your fences straight, | | |

- | | Yes | No |
|--|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| tight, strong, and free from weeds? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 4. Are your neighbors proud of the way you take care of your lot? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 5. Does your lot add to the beauty of the neighboring lots? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 6. Is your lot productive—a good crop is always more beautiful than a poor one? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 7. Do you assume the responsibility for cutting and cleaning up the weeds between your lot and the street? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 8. Is your lot free from noxious weeds? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 9. Can you state that your lot is not "vacant" even though there are no buildings on it? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 10. Can you be depended upon to beautify your lot so it will rate a score of one hundred percent? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

WE suggest that farmers observe their farms and appraise them in terms of beauty, productiveness, and conservation. We have prepared the following score card to assist you in making your appraisal. If you can answer the following questions in the affirmative, you will make a distinct contribution to our beautification campaign.

- | | Yes | No |
|---|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Does your farm give a general impression of being well-managed and progressive? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 2. Do your barns and corrals add to the beauty of your farm; or do they detract because of loose boards, lack of paint, broken hinges, large manure piles, trash heaps, discarded machinery, or similar conditions? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 3. Are weeds your least abundant crop? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 4. Do your crops advertise your community as a productive center? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 5. Are your fences straight, tight, strong, and free from weeds? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 6. Does your farm home rate a one hundred percent score card in our beautification program? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 7. Are your ditches free from noxious weeds, willows, and unsightly washes? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 8. Is there a distinct division between your home and your farm? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 9. Do you assume the responsibility for cleaning and cutting the weeds between your fence and the street? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 10. Is your farm machinery housed, painted, and repaired? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |



Blossom time

Simplicity Frock of fully sanforized fine count slub poplin with tie back and full length zipper. Guaranteed fast color daisy print on blue, aqua or pink backgrounds with contrasting binding. Sizes 16 to 44

\$398

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Residents of Utah include 2% sales tax.

HOUSE AND TOWN SHOP

ZCMI

Pioneer Centennial SCOUT CAMP

"ON, on to Salt Lake City to the Pioneer Centennial Scout Camp," will be the cry of 5,000 Scouts and leaders this summer. From July 21, for five full days, they will be a living demonstration of the values of the scouting program. This encampment will climax a year's activity and advancement of scouting in the Church. The camp will be located on the southwest section of the Fort Douglas reservation, on an area traversed by the old Pioneer Trail. Already attendance interest has been manifested from Utah, Washington, Oregon, California, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, North Carolina, Washington, D.C., New York, the Hawaiian Islands, and Canada. Inquiries have also been received from England and Holland.

An active Centennial Scout committee, headed by General Chairman George Q. Morris, has been hard at work planning and clearing all necessary details for the successful operation of the camp. Members of the national and regional staffs of the Boy Scouts of America have been correlating their efforts with these committees.

Each Scout attending the encampment must file an individual registration application by May 15, 1947, signifying his intention of attending the Pioneer Centennial Scout Camp. He must qualify for certain prescribed requirements to be eligible:

1. Be a registered member of the Boy Scouts of America
2. Meet the following advancement requirements:
 - a. As a Boy Scout be at least First Class in rank by June 15, 1947, or if First Class on September 1, 1946, qualify for at least five merit badges by June 15, 1947
 - b. As a Senior Scout, achieve the first senior rank above apprentice in Explorer Scouting, Sea Scouting, or Air Scouting by June 15, 1947
3. Have a satisfactory record of Scout performance
4. Have a physical examination in preparation for the camp, using the proper blank which will be supplied

By ROCK M. KIRKHAM

National Director L.D.S. Church Service,
Boy Scouts of America

5. Wear the official Scout uniform and conform to the style adopted by the unit to which he belongs
6. Agree to conform to the rules and regulations set up for the operation of the camp
7. Be a non-user of liquor and tobacco and observe this rule while a member of the camp

THE general instructions attached to the application form stress the necessity of doing several things:

1. Secure the approval of his unit leader, parent or guardian, and bishop, pastor, or spiritual advisor.
2. When the application is completed, take or mail it to his local Scout headquarters, together with a registration deposit of \$5.00 for each member. After certification the council will forward the applications to the general committee of the Pioneer Centennial Scout Camp, 50 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.
3. Adult leaders will meet all requirements except for parent and leader approval and advancement.
4. Upon receipt of the application properly filled out and approved, with the registration deposit, the physical examination blanks, equipment lists, uniform standards, food instructions, and leadership requirements will be sent directly to you from your local council or from the general committee.
5. Credentials will be issued to each applicant when all requirements have been met. Local councils in the United States will certify advancement by July 1, 1947. Other requirements, such as registration, will be certified by local councils when applications are forwarded to the general committee.
6. Applicants in Canada should mail their registration forms and fees to their provincial Scout headquarters, and they in turn will forward them to the proper place.

Now is the time to check your plans so that you and other members of your troop will be among the 5,000 attending the greatest Scout gathering in Church history.

Nothing cleans
pots and pans
easier!



"Lightens Housework thru Chemistry"
FOR A MILLION WESTERN HOUSEWIVES



The KOLOB Agent in your community is the every insurance need efficiently and at low cost, because he represents the West's largest General Insurance Agency. Strong stock Company policies—prompt, fair settlement of claims.



THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Let's Talk It Over

(Continued from page 225)

One evening, however, he was standing with a large group of men, most of them not well-known to him, at a social function. One of the "exceptions," a man who enjoyed trying to embarrass him, was included in the group. The waiter who was serving drinks to them passed Mr. X by, knowing that he would not want one. Whereupon, the "friend," who also knew that Mr. X did not drink but who wanted to draw attention to the fact, called:

"Waiter, you've forgotten Mr. X. See that he gets a drink."

The waiter could do nothing but go back and offer the tray. Mr. X smiled, picked up a glass, and went on with his conversation. He continued to hold the glass casually in his hand for some time, talking intently with one or two of the group until the majority had dispersed and even his peculiar friend had become tired of waiting to see what he would do with his drink. Then he put it quietly behind a potted plant and walked on.

DID you ever take anything that didn't belong to you? Few young people actually believe in stealing yet a very "easy" attitude is developing regarding what is "yours and mine."

A girl of high school age overheard part of her mother's telephone conversation with a store detective regarding a friend's son who was involved in shoplifting. The girl's mother had pleaded the boy's cause and had been assured that the case would be handled without publicity and with all possible kindness and understanding. Though relieved, the mother came from the telephone visibly burdened.

"Shirley, do you know any youngsters who shoplift?" she asked her daughter.

"Well, no, I don't think so—there's a rumor every once in a while around school that a gang has been rounded up, but it seems to be mostly conversation. Wouldn't it be awful to be so hard up that you had to steal?"

Her mother looked at her. "It's true that the boy I was talking about was hard up, but nobody is *that* hard up, is he?"

(Concluded on page 232)

Summer Quarter

A Complete Academic Quarter on the Provo campuses with added features for the Centennial Year

First Term:

June 9 to July 18

Second Term:

July 21 to August 23

All Colleges and Departments of the University will give regular and special courses. Elementary and Secondary Training Schools will be in operation.

Featured Courses in Western History taught by eminent authorities on Utah, including Dr. O. Meredith Wilson of University of Chicago

NINTH ANNUAL MUSIC FESTIVAL

BAND AND ORCHESTRA CLINIC

Write for a Summer Catalog

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

PROVO, UTAH

Include
**AUTOMATIC
ELECTRIC
WATER HEATING**
in your
plans for



Most dealers now
have Electric Water
Heaters ready
to install



UTAH POWER & LIGHT CO.

There are many who suffer loss

Be prudent
Avert it by
INSURANCE

This organization writes insurance always of the highest quality.

UTAH HOME FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

HEBER J. GRANT & CO., General Agents, Salt Lake City, Utah

LET'S TALK IT OVER

(Concluded from page 231)

"Well—I don't know—"

"I've never known any boy or girl around here, who was actually hungry or cold."

"Well, kids are restless; they need more than to be fed."

"I wonder what it is they do need?"

"Oh, they need to feel big and important. What do they steal, Mother?"

"Almost anything — records, sporting goods, jewelry, cosmetics—nothing they really need — just

things they want momentarily—maybe won't want at all next week. This may surprise you, Shirley, but most beginning shoplifters come from well-to-do homes. They are youngsters who have never been denied much—have had no exercise in denying themselves, so they go out and take what they want. When I was a little girl, I stole a rose from a neighbor's garden, and my mother went with me while I returned it. I was in tears, but she insisted. It seems hard, but it was a good thing. I wish there was more of that attitude today."

"Oh, Mother, I feel sorry for them. It must be just terrible to think that you have stolen something. You'd never get over it, would you?"

"I hope not—at least not to the extent that you could do it again.—Shirley, isn't that your sister's bracelet you're wearing? Did Mary say you could take it today?"

"Well, no, but she won't mind. Honestly, Mother—"

A COLLEGE JUNIOR followed her mother into the kitchen one late afternoon and said with enthusiasm, "We really had a good speaker at school today. He was wonderful."

"What did he talk about?"

"Oh, marriage, courtship, friend-

ship, family life—all the things everyone's interested in."

Her mother smiled. "What did he say about all that?" she asked.

"Loads of things—too many to tell now; you'll hear all about it in dribbles. It was a very frank speech—maybe a little too heavy for some of the freshmen. One thing he said though that kind of made me wonder—I don't know whether you've ever heard this or not—but some of my friends say—and a couple of teachers are supposed to have taught—that 'smooching' is natural and a very good thing—in fact, the only way in which you can tell whether you really love someone and want to marry him. Have you heard that one?"

"Yes, I've heard it—but—"

"Well, this speaker up at the college didn't believe that—he was a very famous man, too. He said that one of the best ways for a fellow to find out whether he really loves a girl and has a fair chance of having a happy marriage with her is to learn whether he is able to spend three hours with her all alone without having to 'smooch' a little to keep from being bored. Different, wasn't it?"

"Yes—very different."

"Interesting too — and odd," mused the daughter.



"Let's see . . .
what flavor shall I cry for?"

"It's tough to decide, because rennet-custards taste mighty yummy in any flavor—a big change from *drinking* all my milk. I like vanilla, or chocolate, or honey, or peppermint—shucks, I'll just cry, and let Mommy decide!"

It's easy to make milk into any flavor of rennet-custard with "Junket" Brand Rennet Tablets. The rennet enzyme makes milk easier to digest—and not being cooked saves all the precious vitamins.

Make rennet-custards with either "Junket" Rennet Tablets—not sweetened or flavored—add sugar and flavor to taste; or "Junket" Rennet Powder—six flavors, already sweetened. Both at all grocers. Write "Junket" Brand Foods, Division of Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, Inc., Dept. 74, Little Falls, N. Y., for free sample of "Junket" Rennet Tablets.

WORTH WAITING FOR!
"JUNKET" Freezing Mix
BRAND Quick Fudge Mix
FOODS Danish Dessert

"JUNKET" is the trade-mark of Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, Inc., for its rennet and other food products, and is registered in the U. S. and Canada.

ROYAL BREAD IS GOOD BREAD

It is made of high-grade
flour that has the natural
grain flour.



**WELL
BAKED**
ENRICHED
in VITAMINS

Royal Baking Company—Salt Lake City and Ogden

IDEAS

from a
neighbor's farm

Safeway's Farm Reporter keeps tab on how farmers make work easier, cut operating costs, improve crop quality. Safeway reports (not necessarily endorses) his findings because we Safeway people know that exchanging good ideas helps everybody, including us. After all, more than a third of our customers are farm folks.



DISCS RAISE UP LIKE THIS FOR ROAD TRAVEL TO AND FROM JOB

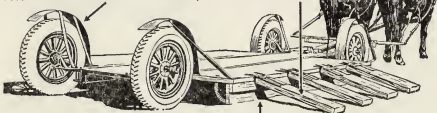
QUICK "MANICURE" FOR IRRIGATION DITCHES

This two-man ditch cleaner (1) keeps down weeds in irrigation ditches, replacing oil spraying and burning which are much more expensive; (2) throws weeds and dirt up bank rather than down; (3) fills up gopher holes to stop water waste. Three times yearly this outfit is pulled along about 25 miles of irrigation ditches on the big ranch at Vernalis, California, which is managed by D. F. Koetitz. Outfit is built from disc sections hung on a pair of front end truck wheels. Discs are lowered into ground with one side inside the ditch bank, the other on top. A similar ditch cleaner can be built by local blacksmiths anywhere Mr. Koetitz believes.

LOW, HUSKY AND EASY TO LOAD

WHEEL GUARDS KEEP HAY AND FODDER LOOSE FROM RUBBING AGAINST WHEELS

GAUGED PLANKS CLAMP ON SIDES TO MAKE DIVERSITY FOR TRACTOR WHICH HAULS EQUIPMENT ON TO PLATFORM



HINGED BLOCKS FOLD DOWN TO PROVIDE EXTRA SUPPORT WHEN HEAVY EQUIPMENT IS BEING LOADED

This portable, can't-tip platform, built at Colorado A. and M. College Experiment Station by Farm Manager William Kintzley, is useful in moving disc harrows, plows, etc. from field to field over hard surface roads. It also eliminates much lifting when transporting sick animals, or hauling hay, manure. Platform is 12 feet x 8 feet, constructed of 2-inch planking. Two 5-inch I-beams mounted between old truck front axles support platform. I-beams ride 5 inches off ground. Short tongue may be used with tractor or truck, a longer tongue when platform is horse drawn.



"OLD McDONALD HAD A FARM"
—BUT SAFEWAY HAS NONE!

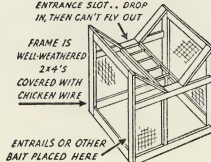
Back in 1938, Safeway published in farm papers a statement entitled, "Our Pledge in Farm Marketing," and this statement included the following policies:

- Safeway does not own or operate any farms . . . or compete with farmers in the production of agricultural products
- Safeway does not subsidize farmers . . . the practice of financing certain farm production and using this to force prices down

These Safeway policies are in operation today, and they will be continued. For Safeway's business is the straight-line, economical distribution of food from growers to consumers.

EGG-EATING BIRD PESTS FALL FOR THIS

BIRDS REST ON BARS NAILED ACROSS ENTRANCE SLOT. . . DROP IN, THEN CAN'T FLY OUT



The Lewis-Clark Wildlife Club of Lewiston, Idaho, is promoting use of this simple magpie, crow and blackbird trap. Entrance slot at bottom of V formed by the two wings at top is made just the right width (4 inches for magpies) so birds can drop in from crossbars—but not fly out. Birds fluttering inside trap attract others. Trap is 6 feet square with entrance slot 3 feet above ground. The Club will supply more information and drawings of trap on request.

- Safeway buys direct, sells direct, to cut "in-between" costs
- Safeway buys regularly, offering producers a steady market; when purchasing from farmers Safeway accepts no brokerage directly or indirectly. Safeway pays going prices or better, never offers a price lower than producer quotes. Safeway stands ready to help move surpluses
- Safeway sells at lower prices, made possible by direct and less costly distribution. So consumers can afford to increase their consumption

SAFEWAY—the neighborhood grocery stores

Security

MAN'S desire to secure well his future, man's disposition, and instinctive sense of self-preservation, have resulted in his developing many plans to give him a sense of security. Man likes to feel that his future well-being is assured.

This desire for security prompts the merchant to insure his goods against nearly every conceivable possibility of loss. This same desire prompts perhaps the majority of men to insure against loss of health, loss of income, against accident, even against possible liability to others. For all these types of security men are willing and do pay the required price.

Our state and national governments, also have undertaken to insure the citizenry against difficulties resulting from loss of employment, and to make secure all who pass a certain age considered beyond the normal period of economic productivity. In fact, there is a measure of security, at a price, for practically every contingency.

Laws have been enacted to regulate and govern in the matter of receiving and handling monies paid by investors for the security contracted. Safeguards have been carefully set up. Much wisdom and ingenuity have been directed to these ends as a matter of business hoping that people could be given a new or increased incentive to go on paying for the security offered and feel that they are benefiting by it.

These things and more, men do to insure their physical comfort, but sometimes they seem forgetful that despite all the plans they make, they are still subject to an overruling Providence that governs in the affairs and directs the destiny of men. It is well to plan, to build, and, so far as we consistently can through industry and thrift, to make provisions for temporal temporary security. Temporal security, however, should not become the sole objective of our lives. Men cannot trust implicitly in the arm of flesh. There is another security to which all should first look, and that is to the welfare of the soul.

We are commanded by the Lord: "... seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness," (Matt. 6:33.) We are promised then that all else will be added. Often we are so busy providing, we think, for temporal security, that we neglect the higher security. To each man the Lord has said:

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal:

But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal:

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. (Matt. 6:19-21.)

The priesthood bearers of the Church should come to realize that the only lasting security is in service to the Lord. The Lord has promised security, both temporal and everlasting, to those who keep his commandments. With reference to his commandments, and the keeping of them, the Lord has said:

Verily I say, that inasmuch as ye do this, the fulness of the earth is yours. . . . whether for food or for raiment, or for houses, or for barns, or for orchards, or for gardens, or for vineyards. . . .

And it pleaseth God that he hath given all these things unto man; for unto this end were they made to be used, with judgment, not to excess, neither by extortion. (D. & C. 59:16-20.)

It is hard for rich men to enter the kingdom of God because the love of riches cankers their souls; they become puffed up in the pride of their hearts, feeling secure within themselves, and forgetting that no man is secure who feels, of himself, a sense of security.

The mistake which most men today are making is that they are striving for security through the accumulation of earth's goods when they ought to be seeking for wisdom. The man with sufficient wisdom is blessed of the Lord in the handling of riches; he will use that with which the Lord has blessed him to bless others. Wise men are the only men technically entitled to riches—men who will make proper use of them; men who will not grind the faces of the poor into the ground but who will impart of their substance in a gracious manner to further just and righteous ends; men who sense their dependency upon the Lord and who are willing to return of their tithes and offerings unto him; men who are big enough to confess the hand of the Lord in all things and obey the commandments of the Lord.

To the rich and poor alike the Lord requires that: "... ye yourselves will succor those that stand in need of your succor; ye will administer of your substance unto him that standeth in need; and ye will not suffer that the beggar putteth up his petition to you in vain, and turn him out to perish."

"... whosoever doeth this the same hath great cause to repent; and except he repenteth of that which he hath done he perisheth forever, and hath no interest in the kingdom of God.

"For behold, are we not all beggars?

MELCHIZEDEK

Do we not all depend upon the same Being, even God, for all the substance which we have, for both food and raiment, and for gold, and for silver, and for all the riches which we have of every kind?" (Book of Mormon. Mosiah 4:16, 18, 19.)

Perhaps it would be well for each of us to ask: Upon whom are we dependent for a forgiveness of our sins? Upon whom are we dependent for sunshine and rain? Upon whom are we dependent for food and clothing? For health? For breath? For life? For eternal life? When we stop to think, whether we possess little or much, we each must bow our heads to the Giver of all in whom we live and move and have our being.

The only lasting security is in God. When departing earth life we leave behind all except that which we have given away. That is why the Lord admonishes us to "Seek not for riches but for wisdom," that "the mysteries of God shall be unfolded unto" us with the promise that "then shall you be made rich" and the reminder that "he that hath eternal life is rich." (D. & C. 6:7.)

As one searches the scriptures, as one contemplates the plan of God for his children, as one hearkens to the voice of the Church of Christ, he learns that the only true and lasting security is that which results from a righteous life of selfless service. The only lasting security for a bearer of the Holy Priesthood is honor and respect for it and to magnify his office therein—devotion to the work of the Lord, for

I, the Lord, am bound when ye do what I say; but when ye do not what I say, ye have no promise. (D. & C. 82:10.)

Brigham Young Said:

WE printed the first papers, except about two, set out the first orchards, raised the first wheat, kept almost the first schools, and made the first improvements, in our pioneering, in a great measure, from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean.—*Journal of Discourses*, xiv: 208.

THIS people had to go to a country that the Gentiles did not desire. —*Journal of Discourses*, iii:209.

PRIESTHOOD

CONDUCTED BY THE GENERAL PRIESTHOOD, COMMITTEE OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE — JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH, CHAIRMAN; HAROLD B. LEE, SPENCER W. KIMBALL, EZRA TAFT BENSON, MARION G. ROMNEY, THOMAS E. MCKAY, CLIFFORD E. YOUNG, ALMA SONNE, LEVI EDGAR YOUNG, ANTOINE R. IVINS

NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO COLUMN

Conducted by
Dr. Joseph F. Merrill

Says One Who Knows

THE dangers and evils of drinking are so evident and general that it is amazing to the sober-thinking person why society permits its wide indulgence, especially in places and circumstances that jeopardize human life. The fact that drinking is widespread (perhaps fifty percent of adults indulge) in nowise justifies the general laxity with which it is regarded.

As illustrative of the evils associated with drinking, we quote the following from a letter written by a fine non-"Mormon" and one who knows:

We operated a liquor agency for several years in a rural Utah town, but we finally gave up the business because we could no longer endure the moral responsibility of selling liquor to the public, and particularly to friends, many of whom have become depraved alcoholics and otherwise undesirable characters. There was the time we couldn't sleep for weeks thinking of the young woman who argued with us because we wouldn't sell her the monthly ration in advance after she and her fiance, and another engaged couple, had already purchased their month's quota. Fifteen minutes after they left the store, this young woman and the fiance of her sister were dead, victims of a horrible car "accident."

On another occasion, a young couple left the store and within a short time collided with a road equipment truck and spent the year in casts with broken backs. They will never again be the same. There was the man who beat his ailing wife and children, and still another whose marriage ended in divorce with serious consequences to the children. There were those good friends of ours, both men and women, who spent the greater part of their income on liquor and whose behavior at parties and dances, was, to say the least, disgraceful.

We consulted a physician friend of ours and told him our feelings. He told us that we were only clerks in the store and not responsible for the human behavior of others who choose to indulge in drinking. Nevertheless, we still felt guilty and did everything we could to discourage our friends and others from buying permits and liquor. There were times when we felt we were fighting a losing battle alone until a friend gave us some copies of *The Improvement*

Era, and we noticed the "No-Liquor-To-bacco Column," which we find most commendable. There is a Spanish proverb which says that, "Man thinks he drinks the goblet, and deceives himself because the goblet drinks him instead." How very true!

We can name many incidents that we observed while we operated the liquor store and one is that drinking (and smoking) among women is constantly increasing. Is this the heritage that will be passed on to our children? We sincerely hope not and pray that the forces who are trying to overcome the drinking-tobacco habits will eventually triumph in the end.

The Legislature and Liquor

AT this writing there are pending in the Utah Legislature several bills concerning liquor control. One of these is designed to give a type of "local option" to any municipality that wants it. On the petition, of a majority of the legal voters living in the community, addressed to the State Liquor Control Commission, no liquor store could stay or come into the community. This is a very simple type of local option—one that involves no election expenses for the public.

Another measure would tighten up enforcement of provisions relative to drinking and driving on public highways. It legalizes a physical examination to determine if alcohol may have been a factor in unsafe or reckless driving.

A bill pending in the legislature would appropriate state funds to cities, towns, and counties to help them maintain adequate law enforcement agencies, taking money for this purpose from the profits derived from the sale of liquors.

At the moment it appears that these bills will become laws. But another one—"sale of liquor by the drink"—will likely fail.

According to reports, the sale of alcoholic beverages has increased rapidly all over the country during recent years, and the evils following drinking have greatly multiplied. Correspondingly, the sentiment for "local option" and prohibition has greatly grown. Unless the liquor industry stops spending immense sums to advertise and promote its business, this sentiment is likely to continue growing. There is an increasing demand in Utah for statewide prohibition. An aroused public is be-

ginning to gird itself for battle. The rate of growth of the demand will be governed, in part at least, by how brazen the advocates of drink become in their promotion schemes.

Drinking Drivers To Be Jailed

AMONG recent news items relative to the fact that liquor and gasoline "don't mix" we noticed the following from Pasadena, California:

Superior Judge Frank C. Collier bluntly warned drinking drivers recently that from now on he will give them straight jail sentences without the option of paying a fine.

The silver-haired teetotaler delivered his ultimatum after sentencing Paul E. Shoemaker, twenty, on a manslaughter charge resulting from the traffic death of Jack Stoner, thirty-six.

Shoemaker, according to testimony given at his preliminary hearing, had been drinking before the accident.

"Drunk drivers or drivers who become involved in accidents after drinking will receive jail sentences of nine months in this court hereafter," Collier declared. Liquor and gasoline don't mix, and the sooner drivers paste that fact in their hats the better.

Collier, explaining his stand to newsmen, pointed out that drinking was a factor in 468 motor fatalities in California during the first nine months of 1946. He said that in the nine month period drunk driving increased by eighty percent over the same period of 1945, and that drunks were involved in 7,035 personal injury accidents during that time.

Is It Creditable?

ACCORDING to news reports, Twin Falls area, Idaho, wants to be annexed to Nevada to escape certain Idaho inhibitions on night clubs, drinking, and gambling, with all their accompaniments. But certainly the great majority of the citizens of the Twin Falls area are in favor of law observance, moral standards, decency, and clean government and are therefore not in favor of this movement of the underworld element which is giving unfavorable publicity to their community.

As *The Improvement Era* goes to press, the Utah Legislature is adjourning.

The bill providing for a type of "local option" died in committee.

The measure providing for a tightening up of enforcement relative to drinking and driving on public highways failed to pass the legislature by a margin of three needed votes. The vote was 28 to 5 with fifteen members absent. Thirty-one votes were needed.

The "sale of liquor by the drink" bill was defeated in the senate 11 to 10.



AARONIC PRIESTHOOD

CONDUCTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC. EDITED BY LEE A. PALMER.

WARD YOUTH LEADERSHIP OUTLINE OF STUDY

MAY 1947

NOTE: This course of study is prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric for presentation during the monthly meeting of the ward youth leadership to be conducted by the bishopric in each ward. Members of the ward Aaronic Priesthood committee and of the ward committee for Latter-day Saint girls are expected to attend this meeting.

LAST MONTH we indicated the extent and character of juvenile delinquency. This month, we shall discuss the causes. Our treatment cannot be exhaustive. The important thing is that our point of view is sound.

Why do boys and girls behave in a way contrary to the established laws and rules of society? Why do they act contrary to many principles of the

(Concluded on page 246)

SUGGESTIONS FOR COMMEMORATING THE ANNIVERSARY OF AARONIC PRIESTHOOD RESTORATION

THE celebration of the anniversary of the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood should be given special attention during this centennial year.

Because the centennial celebration will reach into practically every section of the Church in one form or another, it is felt that stake and ward committees should be given a free hand in determining the type of celebration most appropriate under local conditions. As heretofore, the celebration should include such features as pilgrimages to points of particular interest, athletic meets of various types, and other events which have appeal to young men. Such activities should be conducted on Saturday, May 17, as nearly as possible.

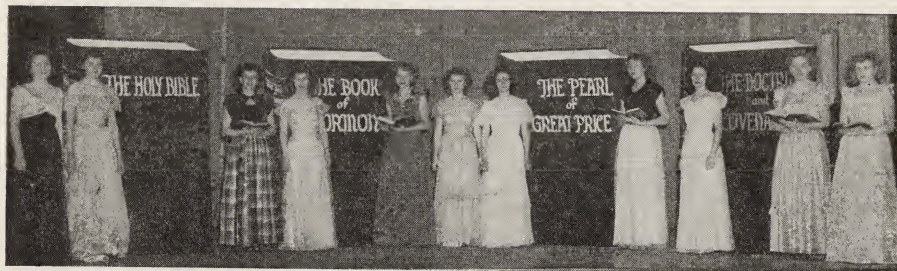
STAKE CELEBRATIONS

Stake committees should at once determine whether such outdoor events

will be undertaken on a stake basis or left to wards. Stake functions are desirable for the reason that small wards or branches can profit from large groups; all of them seem to enjoy socials on a large scale. If a stake celebration is undertaken, bishops should be included in all meetings where plans are made and details set forth. Financing of such stake functions is a matter of drawing upon all the ward budget funds for a share of the expenses.

If the stake does not undertake the promotion of an all-stake celebration, bishops should be so notified at the earliest possible date so that ward events may be planned in plenty of time. Stake committees are obligated to assist bishops in their celebration plans and to follow through in an effort to have all wards provide some

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KOLOB STAKE L.D.S. GIRLS PRESENT PAGEANT

THE Kolob Stake presidency assigned the stake committee for Latter-day Saint girls the responsibility for conducting the mothers' and daughters' session of a recent quarterly stake conference. In keeping with the assign-

ment, the sacred pageant, "Search the Scriptures," written by Laura Sheppard, was presented.

Upper photo shows the L.D.S. girls chorus which furnished the music for

the pageant, with Alberta Hoover as director, and Dorothy Cranmer, accompanist.

Lower photo shows a replica of the four standard works of the Church and the eleven principals in the pageant.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

True Devotion to Duty

FREQUENTLY we hear of someone accomplishing a fine record in ward teaching, but such an honor is usually achieved by one having many years of experience in this field of activity. However, the story of a young priest and his devotion to duty was related recently, and it is passed along with the hope that it may stimulate someone tempted to falter. This modest young man desires no publicity, and therefore his name is withheld.

Last fall a group of boys became interested in college football and traveled quite a distance to see some of the games. On one occasion they planned to attend a game one hundred miles distant. After arriving at the site where the game was to be played, one of the boys recalled that he had made an appointment with his ward teaching companion to complete the teaching in their district that evening. Realizing that if he saw the game, he would arrive home too late to keep the appointment, he resolved to forego the game. His companions vigorously discouraged him and used all manner of arguments to dissuade him, but he resolutely told them that he and his companion had a perfect record for the year to date, and he wasn't going to mar it.

Firm in his convictions, he left his friends, obtained a ride home in a passing automobile, and filled the appointment. This young man's devotion to duty is worthy of emulation. All ward teachers should hold their calling in the same high esteem. If such an attitude were consistently maintained, this sacred responsibility would rightfully be regarded as the high privilege that it in truth is.

Monthly Meeting of the Stake Committee

THE stake committee on ward teaching should meet at least once each month and more often when the need arises. The time and place of this meeting is to be determined by the adviser, (member of the stake presidency), and the chairman of the committee in council with the members of the committee.

This meeting is to be conducted by the chairman of the stake committee, and, although this work is his responsibility, he should recognize the adviser member of the stake presidency when

he is present as the presiding officer, and he should consult him in regard to any instructions pertaining to the conduct of the meeting.

Those expected to be in attendance at this meeting are: the chairman, members of the committee, and the secretary. The adviser will be expected to attend this meeting when his schedule will permit.

ORDER OF BUSINESS

1. Opening exercises
2. Announcements
3. Roll call and reading of minutes of the last meeting
4. Discussion and consideration of unfinished business
5. Discussion of items and suggestions which have appeared on the Presiding Bishopric's page of the weekly Church Section of *The Deseret News* and the ward teaching page of *The Improvement Era*
6. Reports of visits to wards by members of the committee
7. Discussion of current problems and matters of common interest to the committee
8. Assignments
9. Closing exercises

Who Should Appoint Ward Teachers

IT is the duty of the bishopric to select and appoint the best qualified members of the Melchizedek Priesthood to do ward teaching. To assist in this important work, all worthy priests and teachers should be called into service. The call to do ward teaching comes by way of divine appointment to those who bear the priesthood. The Lord, in a revelation to the Prophet Joseph Smith, placed this obligation upon the priesthood: "... to teach, expound, exhort, baptize, and watch over the church." (D. & C. 20:42.)

In calling members of the priesthood into this special activity, no effort should be spared in emphasizing the importance of this responsibility. All ward teachers should be personally interviewed and properly instructed in their duties prior to appointment. Such a call is not ordinary in any sense of the word, and the ward teacher should be made to feel that in accepting this obligation, it becomes his duty to teach the gospel to the families assigned to him. His work is unfinished so long as there is one individual in his district who is not living in compliance to the teachings of the gospel.

Ward Teachers Report Meeting

THE ward teachers report meeting is indispensable to successful ward teaching. This meeting should be held regularly as soon after the last day of the month as possible. The meeting should be of paramount importance to the bishop because it brings to him an account of the temporal and spiritual condition of the ward membership, and will aid in planning for their individual and collective needs. Furthermore, it offers a real opportunity to stimulate ward teachers by teaching them the fundamentals of improved ward teaching.

The bishop holds the key for the holding of successful report meetings. He should plan carefully the meeting well in advance and make it one which will appeal to the priesthood, keeping in mind that the meeting must move forward with dispatch because it is usually limited to one hour or less.

Following is a suggested order of business:

1. Song (may be limited to one verse)
2. Invocation
3. Silent roll call (to be taken by supervisors of teachers serving in each of their respective districts and submitted to the assistant ward clerk before the close of the meeting)
4. Review articles which may have appeared on the ward teaching page of *The Improvement Era* and on the Presiding Bishopric's page of the Church Section of *The Deseret News*.
5. Presentation of lesson from handbook—twenty minutes (Have one of the most sincere and capable teachers in the ward present this lesson.)
6. Reports of visits by ward teachers: Each pair of ward teachers should submit the monthly report to the district supervisor prior to the time of report meeting. It is suggested that the bishopric and supervisors meet before the report meeting and briefly review the reports in order that they may be familiar with the problems at hand. Every effort should be made to avoid having this meeting take on the listless, uninteresting, and perfunctory routine that has characterized many of these meetings in the past. The bishop can prevent such an occurrence by having the teachers answer questions pertaining to individuals and families that will be most helpful in gaining information that will be useful to the

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Ancestors of the Pioneers

By Archibald F. Bennett

THE LINEAGE OF PRESIDENT HEBER C. KIMBALL

HEBER CHASE KIMBALL, first counselor to President Brigham Young, and his right hand man in the first Pioneer Company of 1847, was born June 14, 1801, at Sheldon, Franklin County, Vermont. His parents were Solomon Farnham Kimball and Anna Spaulding. His mother was the third great-granddaughter of Edward Spalding, an emigrant from England who died at Chelmsford, Massachusetts, in 1670, and the second great-granddaughter of Moses Cleveland, who married in Woburn, Massachusetts, in 1648. Thus he was of the same lineage as President Grover Cleveland, whose grandfather, William Cleveland, was fourth cousin to Heber C. Kimball.

It was many years after the death of President Kimball before the name of his father's father could be ascertained. Finally, through the land records in Vermont, and the research of a young relative there, it was proved that his grandfather was James Kimball whose wife was Meribah. This one discovery connected his line with a *History of the Kimball Family* compiled and published after years of painstaking research by two professors, L. A. Morrison and S. P. Sharples. James was a second great-grandson of Richard Kimball, who came from England in 1634, when he was thirty-nine, with his wife Ursula and seven children, making his home in Watertown and later Ipswich, Massachusetts. He was also a descendant of the Gage, Stickney, Head, Reynolds, Atwood, Tenney, Batchelor, Parrat, and Hazeltine families, by virtue of which he had many relatives among the Utah pioneers. Among other connections, he was the fifth cousin of the Prophet Joseph Smith on the Stickney line.

THE KEMBALLS OR KYMBOLDES IN ENGLAND

FOR over fifty years repeated efforts have been made to trace the ancestry of Richard Kimball, the emigrant from England. The problem has been exceptionally difficult because of certain missing records. It was known that he came on the ship *Elizabeth* from Ipswich, England; on the same ship came Henry Kimball, age forty-four, his wife Susan, and their two daughters.

This Henry Kembald, as his name was spelled in England, and the widow, Susan (Stone) Cutting, were married at Great Bromley, Essex, England, November 27, 1628. The christenings of the two daughters were found in the adjoining parish of Mistley, Essex. About two miles from Mistley was Lawford, Essex, where a Richard Kembald made his will, proved September 10, 1619, naming his "eldest sonne Henry Kembald," his wife, Elizabeth, and referring to other children.

The *History of the Kimball Family* states that Henry and Richard Kembald "have been supposed to be brothers, because they came over on the same ship and settled in the town of Watertown. There is no evidence that they were so related" (p. 8).

In 1889 Morrison went to England seeking to locate the home of Richard Kimball, who was the forefather of most of the Kimballs in America. He was shown the will of Henry Scott of Rattlesden, Suffolk, England, dated September 24, 1624, which proved that Henry was the father of Ursula, wife of Richard Kimball; and in his will he mentioned his grandchildren Abigail Kembald, Henrie Kembald, Elizabeth Kembald, and Richard Kembald. He also bequeathed to his wife Martha. His widow Martha, and son Thomas, came to America on the same ship as Richard and Henry Kimball.

The printed parish register of Rattlesden, in our library, shows that Henry Scott was buried there December 24, 1624, and had married Martha Whatlock July 25, 1594. Their daughter Ursula Scott was christened at Rattlesden, February 14, 1597-8. "Henry Kembald ye sone of Richard and Ursula his wife" was christened there August 12, 1615.

A recent intensive search among adjoining parishes in Suffolk has brought to light additional facts. Henry Scott, father of Ursula, was christened in the church of Bradfield St. George, about three and one-half miles from Rattlesden, November 1, 1560, the son of Edmund and Joan Scott. The parents later moved to Rattlesden where five of their nine children were born, and where Edmund was buried August 14, 1621, "aged about 97." His wife Joan was also buried there in 1615.

This Scott family had lived in this vicinity and in Bury St. Edmunds for a number of generations, the earliest reference found being the will of Robert Scot of Bury, tailor, December 8, 1403. The Whatlocks were in Rattlesden as early as 1281 A.D.

The Kemballs, under various spellings of their name, had also resided in this same immediate locality for many generations. At Walsham-le-Willows, seven miles north of Rattlesden, Simon Kembald was a landholder in 1315, and William Kembald in 1340. Later the central home of the family was at Hitcham, five miles south of Rattlesden. Thomas Kembold, senior, of Hitcham, made his will November 5, 1453. He was evidently the father of Thomas Kembold, Jr., who died before his father leaving, apparently, a son John Kymbold who died in 1472. Then follow in sequence Henry Kymbold who died 1526, and whose will mentions his son Henry. Henry Kembold, Jr., made his will January 4, 1558, naming his son "Harrye Kembolde," and sons Richard and Thomas. To Thomas he gave a piece of land in Rattlesden called "Hodges Meadow." When his widow "Cicelie Kembolde of Hitcham" made her will, proved in 1582, she named her three sons Henry, Thomas, and Richard, and Priscilla Kembolde, daughter of her son Henry.

This last named Henry or Harry Kembold married Margaret Munning in Brettenham parish in 1564. Brettenham is between Hitcham and Rattlesden. She was of the prominent Munning family of that neighborhood, of which a pedigree prepared in the year 1615 is printed in *Suffolk Manorial Families*, Vol. I:106-107. This deduces the family from Gilbert de Munnings of an ancient house of Poitiers in France, who, by his wife Charlotte, were parents of Anthony de Mooinnes, taken prisoner at the Battle of Agincourt in 1415, and brought to England with many other prisoners, "where swearing to serve ye Kinge in all ye ffranche warres, he was ransomed & set at Libty." His son Henry de Mooinnes, after a military service, withdrew into the country and made his home in Suffolk County, not far from Bury St. Edmunds. From him the pedigree continues on down to those who settled in Brettenham.

Henry Kembold or Kemball and his wife Margaret Munning had, among other children, two sons, Richard and Henry. In the *History of the Parish of Buxhall*, in our library, is a map in great detail, showing Pye Hatch Farm located in the corner where Buxhall, Rattlesden, and Hitcham parishes virtually join. Records of the Manor of Buxhall show that this farm was acquired by Henry Kimball January 14, 1596. In 1601 Henry Kembold surrendered it conditionally to his son Richard Kembold. Richard surrendered it conditionally to his brother Henry Kembold, October 2, 1606. Henry sold it to John Robinson June 1, 1619 (p. 169). (The changing spelling of the name at this

Genealogy

period is indicated by the forms used in these entries.)

After disposing of his property in 1606, Richard evidently moved to Lawford, Essex, and was a wheelwright. He made his will in 1619. It was his son Henry who came to America in 1634. Richard's brother Henry *Kymball* was the customary tenant at Buxhall in 1612, but disposed of his Buxhall holding in 1619, the very year his brother died. His wife was Johan, whom he married when quite young. Their children, John and Frances, were christened at Brettenham in 1584 and 1587, and Rachel was baptized at Rattlesden in 1589, as shown by the registers of these two parishes. There were other children, including Richard, born in 1595, who was the emigrant ancestor to America. The latter had children christened at Hitcham and Rattlesden parishes, as follows:

Alexander, chr. 20 February 1614, at Hitcham
Henry, chr. 12 August 1615, Rattlesden
Abigail, chr. 20 November 1617, Hitcham
Mary, chr. 7 August 1618, Hitcham

Of these, Alexander and Mary died young; Henry came to America with his parents; while Abigail married in England John Severans or Severance, and with him shortly came to America, where twelve children were born to them. Her son, John Severance, through his son Ebenezer, was the seventh great-grandfather of President George Albert Smith and through his son Joseph, the fifth great-grandfather of President Smith.

Ward-Teaching

(Concluded from page 237)

bishopric. With this system it will not be necessary to have a verbal report from each pair of teachers every month.

Note: Discussion of problems of a personal nature should be avoided in this meeting. Teachers should be instructed not to delay in reporting urgent matters to their respective supervisors, or the member of the bishopric under whom they are serving, and they in turn, will refer the same to the bishop promptly. Confidences must always be held sacred.

7. Special instruction from the bishop (A speaker might be brought in occasionally to give an inspirational talk, using the full class period if necessary.)

8. Benediction

THESE TIMES

(Concluded from page 198)

or not Nehru's concern with political freedom will be applied only to the problem of the goal of *purna swaraj* (complete freedom from British control), or extended successfully to the internal life of India after June 1948, remains to be seen.

THROUGHOUT the world, these times witness the unfolding of a gigantic

political problem: can government controls and political freedom occupy the same place at the same time? Some say yes; some say no. Great Britain is experimenting in socialist fashion with the problem at home. We shall have opportunity to witness another experiment, complicated by Pakistan and native princes, ere long, in that rich sub-continent of Asia, the land of India.

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COURAGE TO ENDURE

(Concluded from page 217)

stagnant green water. It was full of wrigglers and other crawling things, but it was water. It would sustain his failing strength and perhaps enable him to continue. He took off his ragged shirt and laid it in the water. Through it he drank deeply and satisfyingly of the brackish stuff, and his soul and body were refreshed to the extent that he could take up his journey again.

BUT it was only a promise, and a false one. His thirst became worse and worse. All at once, in the haze of the distance, he saw something that took his attention to the exclusion of all else. He came upon a wounded buffalo with the coyotes tearing at its flesh. He built a fire to keep the coyotes away since he had not strength to drive them off. Then, driven to the extreme from pain, thirst, and hunger, he cut an incision in the dying beast and drank some of its blood.

Instead of quenching his thirst, it seemed to set him on fire inside.

What strength and purpose those grandfathers of ours must have had! Twenty years old, just a boy by any standards of age, alone on the limitless desert, nothing nearer than the horizon, nothing friendly within sound or sight, his body protesting in agony against the abuse he had given it, his mind clouded from exhaustion, George faced the uncertain day. One would have said that his chances of survival were slim indeed, and they were.

Surprisingly that draught of hot blood gave him strength though it did not ease the pains of the thirst and shock of the body. After a while the boy stumbled on, and before long he found a tiny trickle of water. He fell to the earth and feverishly dug in the sand with his aching fingers. A few moments later he had a supply large enough to enable him to drink his fill. It was warm and tasteless, and it did not quench the thirst, but it did refresh him, and he in time went on.

Later his vision cleared, and he saw on the prairie an Indian wickiup

and camp. He made his way to it and found there a lone old Indian. He succeeded in making his plight known to the native, and humanity rose above suspicion. The old fellow fed him on buffalo meat.

He stayed that night with the Indian. By morning his natural vigor had reasserted itself, and he was somewhat recovered. He rose and prepared to take up his journey. Before he left the Indian's camp, he traded his rifle to the old man for two hundred pounds of dried meat. I don't know whether he carried it all at once to his appointment with his friends on the Platte River. If he did, it was a task worthy the powers of a Hercules. At any rate, he returned to the men with his supply of provisions as he had said he would. Two days later they came upon the Rich company, hidden in the willows, thus accomplishing their assignment.

* * *

This is but one experience in the life of George Pierce Billings.

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- Friends and Enemies of Man
- Lincoln’s Gettysburg Address
- Curiosities of Other Lands
- The Riddle of the Sphinx

WHAT is atomic power?
WHERE does rubber get its s-t-r-e-t-c-h?
WHY does a boomerang come back?
COULD a rocket ship reach the moon?

CAN does cry?
HOW does a fly walk on the ceiling?
WHY does the wind whistle?
WHAT makes a ball bounce?

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THE TEACHER AS COUNSELOR

(Concluded from page 209)

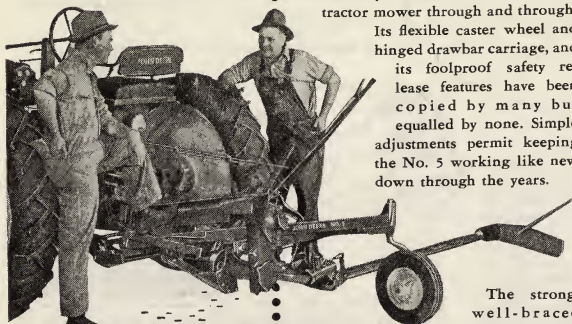
angry at first, but when the emotional winds are calmed by time, they may change their views, so that they can be helped. Some individuals need a shock to prepare them for the work of a counselor. This, like corporal punishment, should be always the last resort.

MANY teachers may hesitate to undertake the work of personal guidance because they feel themselves lacking in knowledge as to how to interpret and evaluate conduct. Whatever skill in interpretation can be developed is most valu-

able. However, there is often less need for speech on the part of the counselor than he has anticipated. For an individual to bring his questions to a teacher and to formulate to him what he, as a student, thinks to be the difficulty may be to find his own answer. Often one person may come to another, do all the talking, then thank the one counseled for his advice. The fact that he does not even know the counselor said nothing is evident that the help given was not in words, but in the creation of an atmosphere, in which the student, perhaps for the first time, was able to solve his own problems. Frequently, all one needs is to say aloud to another human being the things he has kept pent up within himself, for fear of disapproval or condemnation. To confess his difficulty to one who will not condemn is infinitely helpful. To dare to feel affection or love for another human being who does not exploit that feeling may be to find security for the first time in one's emotional reactions.

One of the greatest contributions that can be made by the counselor to any individual is his own faith that life is worth the price one pays for it. In these days of "eat, drink, and be merry" philosophy, and of opportunist action, people are sick for want of a reason for living that will call for the degree of heroism which is intrinsically needed for spiritual growth. To fail to be summoned into action is to miss the meaning of life. Youth in a rapidly changing world need more than anything else interests about which someone has convictions, as a point around which to orient their problems. To be without convictions is to be useless to another struggling for his own. I want to make perfectly clear that this does not mean imposition of one's convictions upon another, but rather the maturity of having thought far enough to have arrived at tentative conclusions, which are sound and adequate. It is most important to emphasize, however, that the student must reach his own conclusions, make his own decisions, and stand on his own feet. This is the end and goal of all guidance. Just as in education the student has to do his own learning, so in personal counseling the individual in the long run has to answer his own questions.

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HALL'S REMEDY

Salt Lake City, Utah

April Highlights

IN CHURCH HISTORY

DURING the month of April 1828, Martin Harris returned from New York City where he had seen Professor Charles Anthon, and commenced to write for Joseph Smith, who continued to translate from the plates until June 14.

Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery met for the first time on Sunday, April 5, 1829. Oliver began acting as the Prophet's scribe the following Tuesday. Later he was called by revelation to be the Prophet's scribe.

The twentieth section of the Doctrine and Covenants, on priesthood and government, was received in April 1830.

The Church was organized April 6, 1830, with six people.

The first public discourse on the gospel was given by Oliver Cowdery, Sunday, April 11, 1830.

Brigham Young was baptized April 14, 1832, at Mendon, Monroe County, New York, by Eleazer Miller.

The eighty-third section of the Doctrine and Covenants, concerning the rights of women and children, was received April 30, 1832.

The vision of the Savior came to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, April 3, 1836, in the Kirtland Temple. This vision was followed by visitations from Moses, Elias, and Elijah, bestowing upon them their keys of the priesthood. (D. & C. 110.)

The cornerstones of the Nauvoo Temple were laid April 6, 1841.

At the conference held April 6, 1844, the Prophet declared the whole of North and South America was Zion.

"A PROCLAMATION to all the kings of the world, and to the President of the United States" was issued by the Twelve Apostles, April 6, 1845.

Garden Grove, one of the temporary settlements in the trek west, was established April 24, 1846.

Apostle Heber C. Kimball moved four miles out from Winter Quarters, April 5, 1847. There he formed

a nucleus to which the company of Pioneers could gather.

President Brigham Young and others left Winter Quarters, April 14. They joined the Pioneer Camp near the Elkhorn River.

On April 16, 1847, the Pioneer company was organized. It consisted of 143 men, three women, and two children.

The settlers in the Utah valley built a fort near the present site of Provo, during the month of April 1849.

The first general epistle to the Church was issued by the First Presidency, April 9, 1849.

The twenty-first annual general conference of the Church convened April 6, 1851, but was adjourned to April 7 because of rain. At the conference the Saints voted to build a temple and sustained a new Presiding Bishop, Edward Hunter. The population of Utah was then about thirty thousand.

The old tabernacle on Temple Square was dedicated April 6, 1852.

The cornerstones of the Salt Lake Temple were laid April 6, 1853. The building was dedicated forty years later.

GOVERNOR ALFRED CUMMING and

Colonel Thomas L. Kane left Fort Scott, Wyoming, for Salt Lake City April 5, 1858. On April 19, Governor Cumming saw for himself that the court records had not been destroyed, as charged.

The first Pony Express from the West arrived in Salt Lake City April 7, 1860. The first Pony Express from the East arrived April 9.

A special conference held in Salt Lake City April 10, 1865, voted to erect a telegraph line through the settlements of Utah.

The gallery of the Salt Lake Tabernacle was finished in April 1870.

The temple site at Manti was dedicated by President Brigham Young, April 25, 1877. Cornerstones of the building were laid April 14, 1879.

The first public meeting in the Assembly Hall on Salt Lake City's Temple Square was April 4, 1880.

Proprieties in Prayer

(Concluded from page 214)

IN the opening of meetings, such as conferences, the brother should at one thought and glance take in the situation and ask the Lord to bless us according to what the meeting is.

In dismissing, we should ask the blessings of the Lord upon the congregation, and what has been said, and commit ourselves to the care of the Lord.

It is not necessary to offer very long and tedious prayers, either at opening or closing. It is not only not pleasing to the Lord for us to use excess of words, but also it is not pleasing to the Latter-day Saints. Two minutes will open any kind of meeting, and a half minute will close it.

We ought to take into account the occasion, and let the prayer be suited exactly to it. Sometimes our habits may control us more strongly than the Spirit of the Lord, so we should consider these things. Offer short prayers, and avoid vain repetitions, particularly the repetition of the name of Deity, and the name of the Savior. It is quite common to open a prayer in the name of Jesus Christ, to close it in his name, and possibly use his name a few times through the prayer. If we approach the Father, and offer our petitions to him, and then close in the name of Jesus Christ, it is sufficient. There is no prayer so great and important that it is necessary to use more than once the name of the Son of God and of the Father.

And let this be a never-forgotten lesson to the young men in Israel, and to all others, that whenever an elder stands up to speak to the people, all hearts of those who have faith in the gospel shall offer up a silent prayer, asking God to bless his servant with the Holy Spirit.

Avoid praying to be seen or heard of men, but let your prayers be unto the Lord. If you pray to open a meeting, one propriety is to speak loud enough for all to hear. And the same when the sacrament is administered.

Understand the proprieties in prayer, and shun the improprieties.

APRIL 1947

PRESIDENT SMITH'S FIRST MISSION

(Continued from page 208)

letter from Lucy. I read it by the light of the fire.

The last day of the month of September was spent by the missionaries in Paragoonah.

Paragoonah, Sept. 30th, '91. Arose at

7 o'clock after a good night's rest on a straw bed. The wind just whistled all night. I chopped some wood. Met Stephen Barton, the bishop's counselor, and a few others. Had a chicken dinner, and such a chicken! Helped Thomas Jones haul and stack up two loads of grain. Wrote to Mother. Went to the organization meeting and had a fine time. Snowing.

(To be continued)



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AARONIC PRIESTHOOD

Ward Youth Leadership Outline of Study

(Concluded from page 236)

gospel? Why do they steal, damage property, run away, drive recklessly, smoke, drink, and manifest irregular sex behavior?

Let us consider first some answers which do not answer the question in a helpful way.

FALSE AND MISLEADING ANSWERS

1. *Some persons are born bad.* For centuries people believed that some people were born criminally inclined, that they had peculiarly shaped heads. This point of view has been wholly refuted by criminologists. True, some persons are born with handicaps, such as feeble-mindedness and glandular disturbances, which may indirectly contribute to delinquent behavior. People are not born, however, with criminal traits of character; we come into the world with no one faculty labeled, "for crime."
2. *The devil is to blame.* The peculiar thing about the devil is that we can't get at him; there is no way to eliminate or crush him directly. He must operate through men. We can only meet him in terms of human experience, so it is not particularly helpful to blame him or to try to attack him directly.
3. *The home is to blame.* In a sense this is true. All authorities on the subject say that more delinquency is caused by neglect, poor example, and lack of training in the home than by any other factor. However, we as leaders of youth cannot rest simply by blaming the home for delinquency. Other things—school, church, commercial interests, government, and especially youth's associates—also share in this responsibility. Moreover, if we are to help the home and be more successful in our own homes, we must discover what situations in family life today encourage juvenile delinquency.

TRUE CAUSES OF DELINQUENCY

Juvenile delinquency—whether apprehended or not—is a boy's or girl's failure or inability to act in a manner acceptable to and approved by society at large. It results from a boy's not desiring and not living in harmony with the laws and established customs of the people with whom he lives. Most laws and customs have their origin in revelation, and in the experiences and wisdom of the race. Since boys and girls are members of society, they and others experience a "rough" time of it when their behavior violates social and religious laws and principles.

The basic causes of delinquency must

be looked for (1) in a study of the nature of the boy (and girl); (2) in a study of the kind of society in which he lives; and, (3) in a study of how this human nature of his finds expression in society—in the world about him.

Let us illustrate. Last year in this column it was pointed out that people have certain needs or urges which must find expression. They may be classified as (1) activity, (2) a feeling of belongingness to a group of people, and (3) approval and recognition from others. Boys and girls, whether delinquent or not, all have these needs and are trying to satisfy them. Some boys and girls have learned to have fun, excitement, adventure, to win love, friendship, esteem, and recognition by doing socially acceptable constructive things. They get satisfaction out of play, friendship, love, and work. They are not delinquent.

Other boys and girls—with the same basic human nature—get much of their adventurous activity by doing mischief, by defying law and custom. They win esteem by doing the daring things which give them the approval and companionship of the gang.

When we as adults and leaders of youth can learn how to help boys and girls find real adventurous living, warm, human companionship, and achievement and self-esteem in constructive channels, we shall have eliminated juvenile delinquency.

Space does not permit further discussion of causes this month. We shall bring them up more specifically and suggest solutions in ensuing months.

Questions:

1. Which of the following assumptions should we work on: (1) People are born good; (2) some are born good; others, bad; (3) all people are born with desires and urges which may be expressed in unwholesome or in wholesome ways?
2. Illustrate wherein parents sometimes fail to help children satisfy their need for (1) adventuresome activity, (2) love and companionship, (3) and approval and recognition.
3. What can the youth leaders of the ward do to influence conditions in the home favorably?
4. Wherein does our ward program for youth fail to provide real adventure and action for adolescents?
5. Do we teach religion in terms of what a boy cannot do or can do? Which is dominant in his mind?

References:

Guiding the Adolescent, a pamphlet printed by United States Children's Bureau, Washington 25, D.C., is available free of charge for the asking.

Psychology and the New Education, by Pressey and Robinson, Harper Brothers,

Aaronic Priesthood

New York, has some excellent chapters to help us understand human nature.

Bishop: Use a blackboard to list major ideas in this lesson. Find time for a thoroughgoing discussion.

Commemorating Aaronic Priesthood Restoration

(Concluded from page 236)

sort of outdoor celebration wherever practical.

SACRAMENT MEETING PROGRAM MAY 18

The sacrament meeting of May 18, 1947, has been officially set aside for the presentation of the annual program commemorating the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood. Bishops are urged to reserve this meeting for the Aaronic Priesthood and to avoid any interference with this arrangement. In stakes where quarterly conferences are held on this date, the Aaronic Priesthood program should be conducted the following week, including any events to be held on Saturday.

The sacrament meeting program is not being outlined this year, as in the past. It is desired that bishops call their Aaronic Priesthood leaders into session and plan their own program in the light of local circumstances and possibilities. Stake committees are again urged to follow through with the wards, so that this program is not overlooked in any instance.

It is suggested that the theme direct attention to the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood and to the centennial year 1947. An appropriate pageant commemorating these events would be commendable. If a pageant is presented, however, the stake committee and the bishopric should carefully go over it to see that it is in full harmony with Church doctrines and standards. Aaronic Priesthood choruses should be especially brought into the program. Aaronic Priesthood members should act as ushers, administer the sacrament, and furnish the entire program. The bishop should preside as the presidency of the Aaronic Priesthood with the conducting officer to be designated by the bishop.

The leaving of all details for the celebration to stake and ward committees provides ample opportunity for local expression and choice in programs. Any unusual features should be brought to the attention of the Presiding Bishopric for the information of other workers throughout the Church.

APRIL 1947

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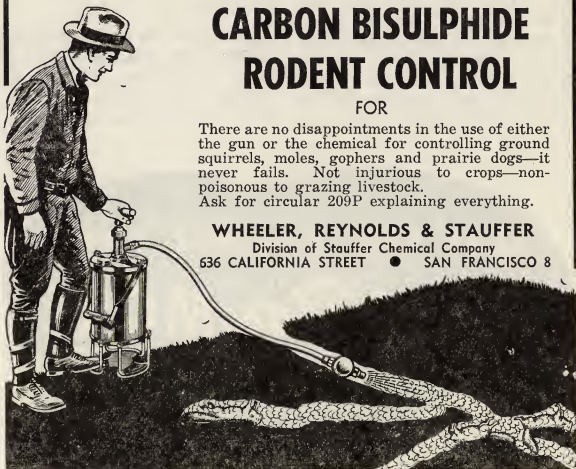
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AT YOUR GROCER'S



HOW THE DESERT WAS TAMED

(Continued from page 211)

THE new land which they had entered was full of opportunities. To single out one as an example: The desert, beyond irrigation opportunities, looked bleak and barren, and was usually free from snow. Yet upon it grew a sparse growth of nutritious plants. The mountains looked forbidding; but in summer, on mountain, in ravine and canyon was a lush growth of plants. The op-

portunity was there. The elements of a livestock industry were there, mountain grazing in the summer, desert grazing in the winter. Thrift commands the prompt use of opportunities.

As the pioneers became better acquainted with their land, more resources to be developed were discovered. They had been led by a higher power, as they staunchly as-

serted, into a land of great goodness, of much incipient wealth.

Thrift did not end for the pioneers with the care of possessions and the use of opportunities. There were other phases of thrift which were of even greater importance in the building of the pioneer state.

THE possessions of man, called wealth, have only one real source. Wealth comes from man's use of the elements of nature. The toiler was given acclaim, but for the idler there was no honorable place in pioneer society. In the Salt Lake City Fourth of July celebration of 1869, the order of procession may well be pondered. After the band and military officials, the procession was divided into the many trades and professions of the territory—the real makers of pioneer prosperity. Farmers, architects, the mechanics union, plasterers, merchants, millers, ink and matchmakers, and so on through a list of thirty-nine trades and professions. The laborer, the real producer of wealth, walked proudly by the side of examples of his skill.

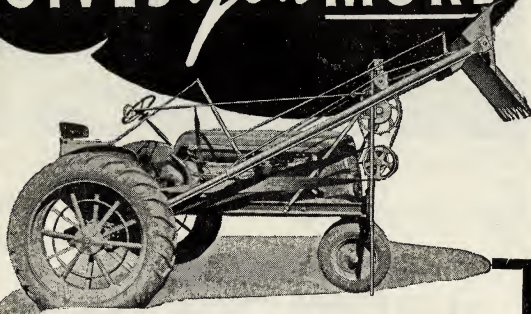
In the soil lay the elements of plant production. There they had lain for centuries before the coming of the pioneers. Only when at last man applied his intelligence and strength to the slumbering elements did they awake and yield wealth.

The rushing mountain stream had wasted its power throughout the lost years. When man dammed the stream and led the water to the quiet millpond, its harnessed power turned the wheels of mill and factory. Wealth was being produced.

The limestone deposit was but a part of the mountain side, valueless, until man by his effort dug it out and burned it. Then, as lime, used in building and in many other industries, it became wealth.

The same principle may be applied to the multitudinous sources of wealth. There is no other ultimate way to wealth. Since human energy applied to natural resources produces wealth, it follows as night the day, that the degree of energy applied determines the amount of wealth. Man with intelligence, strength, and time at his command, can at will regulate the production of wealth. Strength applied for an hour will produce one-half as much

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How the Desert Was Tamed

wealth as if the energy were applied two hours. Man's time becomes of immeasurable value. Thrift begins there.

The man who intelligently uses his strength and time well, of necessity, secures large possessions. Such a man is an industrious man. Industry is but a high expression of thrift.

Industry was given honor among pioneers. They taught in resounding phrases that man must not waste his time or strength; he must ever be industrious, whether with material, mental, or spiritual values. Such an industrious man would never want.

With industry as a watchword, without crying or whimpering, the pioneers subdued the desert and made it serve them. Without industry the desert would have driven them back.

The requirement of industry was a blessing to them. It increased their strength. It gave invincibility to their efforts. It laid the foundations for a race of mighty people.

Out of all this came a condition longingly hoped for by multitudes. There were no poor. If need arose, as shown earlier, they who had not would give to those who had not. The pioneer enterprise was common to all, and it weakened if anyone were allowed to suffer. But the principles behind "Waste not, want not," involving thrift in all possessions, even those of the mind and spirit, in practice made poverty impossible. In fact, there were no poor-houses or homes for the aged among the pioneers. Every family was able to take care of its own and was happy in doing so.

(To be continued)

Why?

(Concluded from page 200)

through this medium, if people shut off their radios when murder stories came on the air. At the rate these unwholesome programs are increasing they will soon drive out the really worth-while ones. This is an appeal to parents as well as to writers, producers, and all those concerned.

APRIL 1947

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HOLE IN THE ROCK

(Continued from page 213)

thinks it is risky, knowing no more about it than we do, to change our course."

"I can't figure out what kind of an opening there is in the ledge," Arabella said, joining in the conversation. "One time this young Collett called it a crack, and the next time it was a hole."

"Yes," Mary added, "and the end of it is a jump-off!"

"Well," Kumen said with finality, "it has been decided that we go the Escalante way, so there is nothing to do about it, except to be as prepared for emergencies as we can."

"This is where we turn off," Stanford said. "Good night."

"I'll run over and bring you that extra crock of butter, Mary," Arabella called as she and Stanford turned the corner. "I simply can't get another thing into my wagon!"

Kumen and Mary paused at the gate of Sage Treharne's house. It was silent and dark, a spectre house with square staring eyes.

"I wish Mother could come with us, Mary," Kumen sighed. "I don't know how I'll do without her. She's been Father, Mother, and home to me for all of my life."

"And she's done a wonderful job of it, too," Mary said. "I think she would live longer if she could be with you."

"She decided right from the first news of the call that she would stay here and be buried beside Father. There isn't much you can say against that."

Mary was silent, considering how to comfort him. "Will you be glad to get started, Kumen?" she asked, presently aware of the silence.

Kumen turned her roughly toward him. "Will you?" he countered.

Mary's heart raced. She closed her eyes, holding the moment between them. Kumen didn't want to go! Would he refuse the call if she asked him to? She closed her fists against his arms and plunged into hot, excited speech. "Kumen, your mother will die if you leave her! Look at the house, dark and lonely. It's so still it's ominous!"

Kumen searched her face with anxious eyes, trying to see her eyes in the dim light. His arms relaxed from about her, and he turned away.

Mary's heart cried out rebellious-

ly. "The new owners moved into our house today," she said, trying to keep back the tears.

Again Kumen's arms caressed her. "Close your eyes, Mary, darling. Tight as you can! See, there are stars of your own making. That's the way it will be in San Juan. We'll have a house of ten rooms, and there'll be lights in every one of them!"

That was his answer. Kumen had not been swayed by her plea, and she was glad. Though his heart tugged as fiercely as her own, he would not turn from his duty.

Kumen opened the gate, and they went up the dark little path to the door.

* * *

LONG before there was the faintest morning light, teams, wagons, and stock were moving. The smell of frosted squash and tomato vines came in from the fields, balsam and cedar from the hills. A low wind swept the valley floor, rustling the parchment cornhusks that littered the yards after an abundant harvest. Cottonwood leaves scratched the wagon covers and piled against the wagon wheels as they crunched the gravel road. The trek to San Juan had begun!

In a grassy slope at the base of a cliff a mile north of town, the wagons from New Harmony waited, having assembled the night before. Huddled in misshapen groups, their covers undulating in the wind, looking like dark sleeping camels breathing in regular rhythm, they rested. Dozens of small fires were lighted, and glowed along the cliff against which they were kindled, deepening the shadowed outlines in front of them to silhouettes. The October air was heavy with frost. The five men of the Redd and Pace families stood with their backs to the fires and watched the Cedar City company roll in. There was not much talk, for each man gave speculative attention to the newcomers. There was the confusion of bawling stock, barking dogs, and shouting men. The women were silent, except for an occasional plaintive scolding of overly excited children and wailing babies. Filling the harried pauses came the creak of wheels and harness leather, and the clank of chains against the rattle of tin

buckets and tubs swung along the sides of every wagon.

Dawn broke, a dull gray day heavy with clouds. President Silas S. Smith reined in his horse and watched the caravan take shape: Two hundred and eighty people, eighty wagons, one hundred teams, one thousand head of cattle, and a band of loose horses! The first team pulled out, then a second, a third, and soon the whole six-mile-long procession was in motion, with Silas S. Smith and George B. Hobbs, the lead scout, at its head.

DRESSED in a new, close-fitting buckskin jacket, homespun trousers and broadbrimmed hat, George Hobbs was inordinately proud of himself and the imposing company. Silas Smith was dressed in the same frayed suit he had worn on the scouting trip to San Juan. In the few weeks that he had been back from that never-to-be-forgotten trip into a land so wild and vast that few men knew it, he had been too busy getting his main company together, to bother about clothes. Heedless, now, of his wife's chagrin at his refusal to dress up and look like a president, calmly at ease and satisfied with the fruits of his labors, he surveyed the straggling line.

"We'd better tighten up the line, George," he said. "Anything could happen to a train as long as this. I'm going back along the line. Keep a sharp eye till things settle down!"

At Mary's wagon, he called: "Keep a steady gait, Mrs. Jones. You'd better get in close to your father's outfits."

Galloping along the line of wagons which were followed by the longer line of stock, he noted with satisfaction that, regardless of the gray day which some said augured ill, the company was a happy one. Riding back to the lead again, he slowed his pace beside Arabella's wagon, following along behind the one Mary drove. The Cedar City company, now evenly paced and moving steadily toward Parowan, was in a gay and contagious mood. Staid as he usually was, Silas felt exhilarated that he was head of such a company.

"Sing, Arabella!" he cried. "Sing your San Juan song!"

Arabella stood up in her wagon, steadying herself against Stanford's

Hole In The Rock

shoulder, faced the oncoming wagons and began to sing:

Oh, we're on the road again,
Pioneering women and men,
On the trail for old San Juan!
We don't know where it lays,
But it takes a lot of days,
So we'll hit the wagon trail
And be gone.
To the east, then! To the east, men!
Carry on!
Though our wagon wheel may squeak
And our water barrels leak,
We'll keep the trail to old San Juan!
It's far off the beaten track,
And we never will come back,
But we'll find our El Dorado
In San Juan.
To the east, then! To the east, men!
Carry on!

At the refrain the whole Cedar City company joined in, for they had sung the song at parties and in meetings since Arabella had first written it, following the call to settle San Juan. They sang it with gusto, again and again, and soon the entire wagon train was singing.

"Oh, it's wonderful!" cried Mary, as Kumen rode up beside her wagon. "It's like the Children of Israel in the wilderness!"

"It is!" Kumen agreed. "But I hope it won't take us forty years to reach our Promised Land. We're outfitted for just six weeks!"

"We'll obey our leaders and not have to wander around like the Children of Israel did," Mary said, laughing.

"See that you remember that," Kumen joked. "As I recall it, you were as stiff-necked as any wilderness child when you found we'd been called."

"I didn't know how really important the call was, then. This is an inspiring sight, Kumen."

"It's a five-hundred-mile trip," Kumen said. "And that's a fact we must not lose track of. I wish we could have started a month earlier."

Involuntarily both of them looked at the sky.

"It's banked with clouds, honey," Kumen said, then added re-assuringly, "but where we're going, it's as warm as our Dixie."

HE waved, then turned and rode back to his place with the stock. Most of the drivers were young men in their teens, and right now they were full of trouble. Bunching, refusing to budge, milling by turns, the stock bellowed and pawed defiance.

It required the skill of every horseman along the line to keep the herds from bolting in all directions. But by early afternoon, as the train reached Parowan, nineteen miles to the northeast, the tension was broken, and stock and teams moved in more orderly procession along the rough, pioneer roads. And on the morning of the fourth day, the long, straggling train pulled into Panguitch, where a big celebration awaited them.

"Three important figures will join the mission, here," Captain Smith told George Hobbs, as they rode into town. "They are scouts of outstanding caliber—George Sevy, George Morrell, and John Butler."

"That makes us a little heavy on the Georges, doesn't it, Silas?" Hobbs laughed.

"Emphasizing a good thing always helps," Silas assured him. "Still, I have the feeling that you'll be my 'ever-present help in time of trouble.'"

George looked at Silas thoughtfully. Was Silas worrying about this new route? There might be no cause for alarm, but behind all that was said was a note of uncertainty. Stanford Smith was the only one who had openly expressed dissatisfaction, but it was plain that others felt uneasy, too. With the Escalante Mountains to cross, a divide of 9,000 feet, they certainly should have had an earlier start. Snow on a divide that high would be discouraging, to say the least.

But, three days later, the crossing of the divide proved to be no barrier at all. The sky had cleared, and the weather was warm and delightful. They clattered down the oak-lined road of the beautiful Escalante Mountain, singing the San Juan song. The brilliant scarf of autumn was flung upon the land. An Indian summer mist floated like fairy smoke over the distant desert they soon must cross.

"I'll ride back and see how Stanford is coming," George told Silas. "One of his horses cast a shoe a little while ago. I'll see if it's getting lame."

"Stanford is a fine, dependable fellow, George. I wish he could feel better about this change in our route. His judgment is good, and I can't disregard it. He thinks we should have gone over the route ourselves,

(Continued on page 252)




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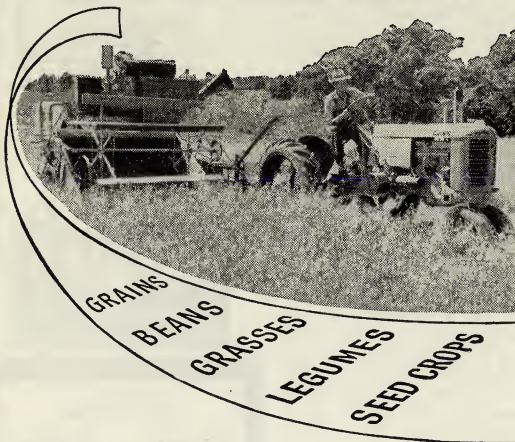
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Hole In The Rock

(Continued from page 251)

before starting out with a company of men, women, and children. But, under the circumstances, there was little else we could do. The Church Authorities accepted Bishop Schow's report, and advised an early fall start as the time most suited to the conditions of the country and climate to which we are going."

"For most men, that's enough," George said. "But I admit that I share Stanford's uneasiness. It could be that the people of Escalante, mindful of what such a road, if successfully built, could mean to their town, have done some wishful thinking."

"Which is only human," Silas reminded him. George agreed, and turned back to meet Stanford Smith.

"Well, we are nearing the foot," he said sociably, as Stanford pulled up beside him. "See that sight down there, will you!"

Through an opening in the trees gleamed the instruments of a brass band.

"For the love of cats!" Stanford exclaimed. "They've come twenty miles to meet us!" He spat at a lizard that was sunning on a rock beside the road.

"You scored a tall one, that time! Square on the tail end!" Stanford laughed. "And speaking of sights, that's a mighty pretty setting for a town, down there!"

"It doesn't take much to persuade you to be a Christian," Stanford scoffed. "I shake down harder. I still think this is a fool venture!"

"I'm not averse to saving four hundred miles of road building," George answered. "This way may be harder, but it's certainly a lot shorter."

"If we get through!" Stanford exclaimed. "When I think of the road crews, the implements, the dynamite it's going to take—"

"Dynamite?" George interrupted. "What makes you think we'll need that?"

"Because we are going into a country of almost solid rock. I've been told it's the only way we'll knock down the ledges in front of us."

"The people of Escalante have volunteered to furnish road crews and guides for the trip," George reminded him.

Hole In The Rock

"We'll need more than road crews and guides before we get out of this venture," Stanford growled. "I'm as willing to do my duty as any man. And I know that Bishop Schow means well. But I honestly think he has been ill-advised."

"There has been a meeting called for tonight, Stanford," George said. "Once we all get together and talk things over, I'm sure we'll feel better about it. See you at the celebration!" he called, and rode ahead to rejoin Silas Smith.

IN Escalante, Stanford went from man to man over the town, asking for information about the break in the Colorado River ledge that Bishop Schow and the young scout, James Collett, had talked of. At last, more convinced than ever that the company was heading for trouble, he went toward the bonfire where the singing and speech-making was going on.

The bonfire centered the town square. On one side of it stood George Hobbs, watching the crowd while the speeches were being made. He had whittled a long stick to shreds. Watching him, Stanford saw that his knife strokes were sharp and uneven. The young scout, Collett, was talking. "Once you get across the river," he exclaimed, "it'll be easy sailing from there to San Juan!"

George's jaw set in a contemptuous line. He'd heard enough to know that no one knew much, or anything, about the way to San Juan, once the Colorado was left behind. And almost as little about the fabulous crack that had been so talked of. It was a short-cut, all right, but, as for being easy, that remained to be seen.

"This road," Collett was talking still, "will make over this neglected part of our state. We can trade with each other and be absolutely self-sustaining!"

"It all sounds very *entertaining*," Stanford said, coming up to George.

Not a muscle of George's face moved. Even his knife was still. "If not *feasible*," he added. "I'm going back to camp."

At the last campfire meeting before resuming their march, the mission company received a more detailed account of the new route—an almost fatally erroneous account.

They were to travel east and south across the Escalante desert to the Colorado River gorge. In the two-thousand-foot ledge was a crack, extending the entire length of the ledge, down to the river. This, they said, could be easily widened to admit wagons and stock.

"Easy, my britches!" Stanford thought angrily. "Nothing concerning the Colorado is easy!"

THE meeting broke up. The members of the company hurried to their camps to make last minute preparations for the next lap of their journey. Here was the last stop for food; the last store, the last blacksmith shop. The last friends! Here was the last heart-warming hospitality they would know in years to come—perhaps ever, and they must make the most of it. It was like leaving home a second time, to say goodbye to the good people of Escalante. Bishop Schow stood with Silas Smith, deep in conversation, until the last preparation was made, and the line was formed, ready to start. Then they shook hands.

"I'll follow, shortly, Brother Smith," Bishop Schow said. "Until then, God bless you and your people."

The company had traveled three or four miles before George and Silas, riding along side by side, fell into conversation.

"Well, George, what do you think of things?" Silas asked.

"I'm convinced that Bishop Schow is well-meaning and sincere in his recommendations to you, Silas," George answered. "If his judgment proves faulty, it will be no more than has happened to men before. He may be blind to the uncertainties ahead, through his fervent desire to help his own town and people."

"That's a far stretch ahead," Silas answered. "One can hardly realize that suddenly there'll be an end to it, and we'll have to drop two thousand feet. Not knowing that the earth is round, Columbus' sailors must have felt an unmitigated fear!"

George looked at Silas, grinning a slow appreciative grin.

"Something like the way we'll feel when we hit that ledge out there!" he chuckled. "Two thousand feet! The ocean couldn't feel any deeper. But, Silas, they only *discovered* the Indians. We have to *live* with them."

"Endless room for thought!" Silas exclaimed. "Endless!" He scanned the far distance, and there was no smile on his face.

(To be continued)

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LOOK FOR THE LEAF ON THE PACKAGE

A Mid-Atlantic Celebration

(Concluded from page 216)

day-long festival. Suggestions for a program had been made by one of the counselors, Elder John Lyon of Glasgow, known to all as "the celebrated poet" whom John Taylor had called "Harp of Zion," and whose book of verse had appeared shortly before, "for the benefit of the Perpetual Emigrating Fund." The program was a varied one. The diary entry for Wednesday, April 6th, described it in detail:

A beautiful day; at half past nine o'clock six rounds of musketry were given to hail in the auspicious day; military service conducted by Christopher Arthur, Jun. At half past ten the President and his counselors took their seats with Captain Brown, with their backs to the main mast, upon the poop deck; on the right side were seated 12 young men, on the left 12 young women, and opposite 12 venerable old men, headed by Father Waugh, who acted as chaplain; they held each a Bible and Book of Mormon in their hands. The forenoon was occupied by taking the Holy Sacrament and marrying four couples; in the afternoon we assembled at half past one o'clock, when after the usual services of prayer and praise; songs, speeches, recitations, instrumental music, &c. filled up the time of meeting. After a repast of every delicacy the ship could afford or pastry cooking could invent, they again met on the main deck and went through a variety of country dances; others of the Saints retired to the steerage, where they again renewed their singing and reciting till 10 o'clock p.m. It was a day of great harmony and mirth, such as many of the Saints never before experienced. Each of the authorities had a white rosette upon their left breast, and wore white sashes; the women and the 12 fathers were adorned in the same fashion. Father Waugh read appropriate portions from the Bible and Book of Mormon relative to this latter work. Brother Henry Maiben (from

Brighton) composed and sung a song commemorative of our leaving Liverpool and other circumstances in connexion with our voyage, which brought him enthusiastic bursts of applause from all the company. Elder Finch acted as marshal, to order the ceremonies of the day. A vessel spoken with.

AFTER April 6th, favorable winds and fair weather seemed to follow the *International*. A week later found her sailing by the edge of the Gulf Stream. Meetings could be held in the open air on the quarter-deck, and evenings there was dancing on the main deck and singing in the fore-castle. Now and then someone sighted a whale or some flying fish, and once the company observed a school of herring, "supposed to cover an acre of water," chased by a shark. In another week the vessel lay to at the mouth of the great Father of Waters and was taken in tow by a Mississippi steamboat into New Orleans. By this time the *International* was under the direction of the priesthood from bridge to galley, for Captain Brown had been baptized and ordained an elder; the first and second mates had been ordained priests; and the captain's cook had been made a teacher. Of twenty-six men in the crew, eighteen had been moved to join the Church so ardently served by this exemplary company of Saints.

Following a stopover of four days in New Orleans, with guards duly appointed to protect their belongings and prevent strangers from coming on board, and after going ashore to buy fresh provisions, the company, "amid rejoicing," proceeded in two groups on board the *St. Nicholas* and *Liah Tuna* up the river to St. Louis, where they arrived eight days later. They embarked the same evening on the *Jeannie Deans*, and in twenty-four hours landed in Keokuk, "all in good health and spirit," where they joined the Camp of Israel.

Statistically, Clerk Sims summed the voyage as follows: "Births, 6. Deaths, 6. Marriages, 5. Baptisms, 48, inclusive of rebaptisms." But spiritually, Henry Maiben's lines seemed at journey's end as appropriate as they had been on that April 6th commemorated so gaily in mid-Atlantic:

And who that could but witness now
Our festive, happy faces,
But would obey the Truth, to share
The joy our Faith embraces.

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Radio and the Gospel Message

(Concluded from page 205)

At the Sunday morning session of the general conference, April 8, 1923, President Grant announced that the four thousand people standing on the tabernacle grounds outside would be able to hear the sermons which were being "conveyed by radio," to the Bureau of Information, thus doing away with the necessity of providing speakers for an overflow meeting there. What he probably meant was that loud speakers on the grounds had been connected by wire to a microphone at the pulpit. It was a year and a half later before one could sit at home and hear the conference sessions.

Radio broadcasting of the general conference sessions became a reality in October 1924, when KFPT, now KSL, ran a direct wire to the main pulpit of the tabernacle. The resulting letters and telegrams that came in from all points of western America and Canada were very reassuring. But perhaps the greatest thrill to come to the radio men who sat at the controls was knowing that many elderly persons who could no longer "come to conference" in the tabernacle, were now having the conference brought to them in their homes.

President Charles W. Penrose, confined to his home by illness during that conference, had a radio brought there for his use. As President Grant made the opening announcement, President Penrose said, "It is the President's voice!" Later on when a male chorus sang, "School Thy Feelings, O My Brother," which President Penrose had written, the venerable counselor was melted to tears, and he commented: "That is wonderful." After the services were over, President Penrose told the KFPT representative, "I certainly thank you; it has been one of the most thrilling experiences of my life."

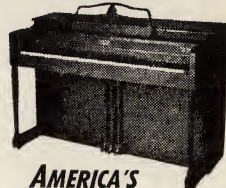
In the January 1925, issue of *The Improvement Era* it was announced that arrangements had been made for "the radiocasting of a regular Sunday evening service each Sunday at nine o'clock, mountain time." The program consisted of a twenty-five minute sermon, and

"sacred music, consuming altogether about an hour." President Grant had inaugurated the services and had "spoken a number of times." The program was under the supervision, for the Church, of Presiding Bishop Charles W. Nibley.

So is the story of the beginning of the use of the radio in the spreading of the gospel message in this, the Dispensation of the Fullness of Times. Certainly, radio broadcasting in many tongues and climes, wherever missionaries have been called to labor, is one of the strong links forged into the Church missionary system today.

"The Fullness of Times," a history of the Church in dramatic form, has now been broadcast by one hundred radio stations. But radio's roots and possibilities have merely been scratched. What will the next quarter-century bring for the Church in the field of radio? What is the next great invention that will enable the Church to help fill the divine command and challenge: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations . . . to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you" (Matthew 28:19, 20)?

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47 YOUR PAGE and OURS

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Fairbanks, Alaska

Dear Editors:

I HAVE not forgotten you even in this frozen land, for the warmth of the *Era* reaches us here and was never more welcome. I miss seeing you and chatting with members of your staff.

The *Era* is read and enjoyed by all the members of our little branch (62 in all), although we are without an M.I.A. organization. Our family misses the many activities of Salt Lake City, and we have all learned the lesson of appreciation. Accept my best wishes for the *Era* and for you personally.

Sincerely, your brother,

William E. Berrett

Houston, Texas

Dear Editors:

IN the November *Era Digest* we were asked, if we cared to, to tell you what we thought of the November issue, and I thought you might like to know of the very interesting incident that happened here in Houston. The missionaries have been contacting an investigator in this city who has completely changed his life since he has been studying the gospel. Of course, his friends have all noticed the great change in him and are wondering what has caused it.

One day he had a friendly visit with a family and, on purpose, left a copy of the November issue of *The Improvement Era* lying on the table. The lady of the house noticed it the next day and called and told him he had left his magazine at her home. He told her he would call for it sometime when he was passing by. Later in the afternoon this same lady sat down to do some darning and happened to look over at the table. There was that magazine, and as she expressed it, "It just seemed to jump in my lap." She was impressed with the picture on the cover because the man had such a kind-looking face. She began to glance through the *Era*; the message of the First Presidency interested her, so she read it. For two hours she sat there reading. When her husband came home for dinner, and she was still reading the *Era*.

When the owner of the magazine and his wife came to visit again, instead of spending the evening indulging in worldly frailties as they had done previously, the four of them discussed and read different articles in *The Improvement Era*. At the present time both families are investigating the gospel, and we feel that the November issue of the *Era* helped interest this second family in the gospel of Jesus Christ. Both families are subscribers to *The Improvement Era*.

Very sincerely yours,

Glenn G. Smith,
President,
Texas-Louisiana Mission

To the Editors:

I WOULD like to thank the *Era* staff for providing such a fine welding link between Zion and the British Saints. Here in B'ham, we follow the Ward Teachers' message, although the *Era* arrives two months late, and it gives us a sense of kinship with our brethren in the states.

Sincerely your brother,

E. John S. Jones

The High Cost

"I'm afraid this high cost of living is going to introduce another innovation in the average kitchen."

"And what is that?"
"The foodless cooker."

Lost Art

"Is it true," the friend said to the art dealer, "that the picture you just sold that man was a genuine work of art?"

"I'm afraid not, but that story I told about it certainly was."

Wide Open Spaces

"You've read my new book?"

"Yes."

"What do you think of it?"

"Well, to be perfectly truthful, I think the covers are a little far apart."

Peacemaker

"Why are you running like that, Junior?"

"I'm trying to keep two little boys from fighting."

"That's good—and who are the little boys?"

"Willie Jones and me."

Mute Question

"This is an eight-day clock. It will run for eight days without winding."

"Goodness, and just how long will it go if you do wind it?"

Something New in Botany

"Which boy can tell me the pine with the longest needles?"

"Please, sir, the porcupine."

The Prized Prize

"What do you mean by saying that your dog took first prize at the cat show?"

"Why, he took the cat!"

No Necessity

"They say that lightning never strikes twice in the same place."

"Perhaps that's because it doesn't have to."

Popularity Winner

"What are the three most used words?"

"I don't know—"

"That's correct."

Modern Logic

"Is the boss of the house in?"

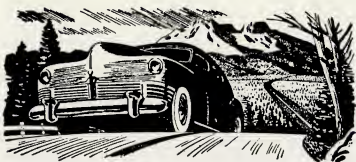
"Yes, he's asleep in his cradle."

1946 "Era" Index Available

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higher-octane Chevron Supreme



Challenge the toughest grade if you want to see what this new Chevron Supreme Gasoline will do. For with government restrictions on lead in gasoline lifted, there's been a big increase in Chevron Supreme's anti-knock performance. But...

It takes more than high octane rating to make a premium gasoline a standout. So you'll find Chevron Supreme makes your car start in a jiffy, warm up in a matter of seconds, and accelerate instantly. Try improved Chevron Supreme today.

It's good going on



CHEVRON
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SUPREME GASOLINE

There is no better gasoline at any price

SAFEGUARDED . . .

Rooted deep in rock-armored headlands that withstand the force of the sea, these storm-scarred trees continue their upward growth.

So is a family able to stand - - if safeguarded by your forethought and self-sacrifice.

While there is yet time, carry life insurance--that your loved ones may have the necessities and advantages you would always like to provide.

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